THE
COMMONWEAL

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WHO ARE AMERICANS?

THERE is such a place as America; there are Americans; there are certain qualities that are definitely described as American. What are they?

For nearly one hundred years before the people of the northern half of the new world described themselves by the words, the term America was used to denote the continent south of Panama. New France, New England, New Amsterdam, New Sweden, were the names of the various parts of what we now call North America. "The United States of America" therefore involved some assumption, some compromise of title without intention of offense to other claims. When Mr. John Hay instructed our representatives abroad to place above their doors the signs of American Legation and American Consulate, the act was not so innocent, and the assumption seemed still more deliberate. The calm answer of a brilliant officer in the Italian army to a lady from New England inquiring her way about Rome—"I am an American from Chile,"—places the question in the light in which it appears to many minds in Europe and Spanish America.

At home we have other aspects of this question of Americanism. At dinner the question of what is the finest type of American beauty arises—is it Miss Smith of Philadelphia, Miss Jones of Boston, Miss Brown of Baltimore, Miss Black of St. Louis, Miss White of New Orleans, Miss Green of Chicago, Miss Rose of California or Miss Heliotrope of New York?

What is the typical American man? The descendant of Cotton Mather of Plymouth, the son of the southern planter, the successor of the pioneer in the lands where "men are men?" What is the American spirit—the shrewdness of the New England skipper, the easy way of the first families of Virginia and Louisiana, the sturdy aggressiveness of the far West, the clever adaptability of the man of New York? Let us not complicate these questions by asking at present—what is American poetry, American literature, American art and music? Enough that there are such things—let him define them who will and can.

The real question is, who is the American?

The Indian has the best claim to this title racially speaking—then the original colonist and his descendants; but let us remember these may be black as well as white, English, Scotch, and Irish as well as German; French and Scandinavian; not to mention the Spanish blood of Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico and California. A person combining all or several of these racial strains would come closer to the racial ideal of American. We may speak of the most important and influential types of Americans—the New Englander, the New Yorker, the Southerner, the Middle-Westerner and the Californian: we can hardly say that

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any one of them is the American, par excellence, or by general recognition. The Civil War and the prejudices it engendered did much to propagate sectional views of Americans. The devotion of New England and New York to the cause of the Union has made too many people overlook the difficulties that Virginia and the southern colonies experienced in inducing New England to enter the American Union on its original inauguration. We have a way in the North of assuming qualities from the South that seems to have begun with our taking the name of America from the people of Spanish America and the honors of our Republican prestige from the hands of the southern statesmen.

This tendency has been marked in what we may call the Protestant ascendency that is called American. A recent traveler through the smaller cities and towns of Virginia began to speak of the early English churches in that region, and was met with a look of incredulous wonderment. "We are all Baptists and Methodists now—that's all we know about it." The New England Puritan and Congregationalist can turn a very cold face to the claims of Episcopalianism; and the early Dutch Reformed church will not yield in Americanism to any other denomination. The Catholic from the Maryland settlements of Lord Baltimore, the old French families of Louisiana, the Spanish colonists of Texas, New Mexico, and southern California, are quite as well convinced of the Americanism of their churches as any of the members of the churches dating from the Reformation.

Need we mention the researches in the muster rolls of the Continental Army that show how preponderant were the names that today would be considered typically Catholic—the Irish, German, and French names, that still in many minds in the United States are ill-advisedly considered at first view, foreign and un-American? This is sheer provincialism—not nationalism in any sense, as it appeared a short time ago when on pointing out the name of Isaac Moses in the list of founders of the Whig Society, somebody spoke of his great benefactions to the struggling American forces and the representative of an old New York family exclaimed—"Why, were there Jews here so early as that?"—ignorant, no doubt, that many of the first Knickerbocker families were of rabbinical stock.

It may be seen from the foregoing that Americanism of blood remains an uncertain quality—in short, it is and it isn't—or it may be a dozen different things. The Americanism of mind and education is a much more satisfactory norm.

It is our proud boast to be Americans, and we do not permit anybody to minimize our claims to the dignity. Our ancestors undertook their task as American citizens mindful of this honor and not blind to its obligations. Noblesse and citizenship place certain burdens, and it has sometimes seemed that a louder protest might be heard in our higher circles when the liberties and privileges we enjoy as Americans are compared with the immunities our richer citizens seem to be able to find in the European centres to which they resort. This sort of conversation is rarely heard on the lips of an immigrant or his children, but seems to be in the mentality of all too many of our sons and daughters of older American stock.

It seems that the great asylum of the West which rose up in the imaginations of our founders, is closing its doors rather prematurely. If there were not bread enough to sustain those already interned, there might be some excuse for this, but instead of the bread the inmates are demanding cake and sugar-frostings, and My Country 'Tis of Thee is to be doled out carefully to a few Nordics and a fewer Southrons, so that the blessings of our Declaration of Independence shall not be universal, as was intended, but conserved for the lucky traders who have managed to get inside to burrow in the American cheese-box.

Then when we have firmly set up our barriers in a way to put the Chinese wall to shame, we are to proceed to breed the ideal American, the two-footed marvel that has never existed in the past: we are to see a different heaven over our enclosures to that which hangs over the rest of the world: another God, another church is to evolve from our American aspiration, and we shall place them in the Holy Place, higher as is our aspiration than that of any other national or racial deity: we are to Americanize culture, in letters, music and the graphic arts; Americanize marriage and childbirth, and gradually abolish pain, grief, old age and death. Left to ourselves, without the dismal old world to blind us, we shall be as gods at last!

A pretty culmination to our hopes, our learning, our science, in the lands of Spanish and French missionary explorers, and the fields of the Pilgrim Fathers! A tornado sweeps across the seas and devastates a thousand miles in a short hour or two: an earthquake and conflagration convey to us a gentle hint that there is a Being above us who may wish to be consulted in these arrangements: our buildings soar to the skies and we burrow into subways and tunnels. Only some poor fanatic goes out on the hills crying that the Lord's Day is at hand to a crowd that believes the world too big for any one, single God to destroy it.

These are the new Americans: the old ones are under the weeping willows around the country churches; their descendants are with the princesses and countesses in Paris, Rome, and perhaps, Belgrade. It may be difficult for these fresher elements in our country to escape to the outer old worlds, for the next move of our preceptors will be to restrain the exits as they now close up the entrances to our land; and it may be necessary in the end to remain American, as it is now so desirable to become such.

Let us trifle no more with the problem of our national entities and national future. "A breath can make them as a breath has made:" we are in fact optimists of the most convinced, stubborn sort.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE Geneva Protocol came near enough to reality to stir up a chorus of protesting, though apologetic ahems. Everybody seems to believe it would be an excellent thing eventually, in fact a most salutary thing—but everybody is also inclined to believe that for the present it ought to be tabled with thanks. Was the idea too ambitious? Could it be reasonably supposed that a nation driven to disavow the decision of an international tribunal would be coerced into acceptance of the verdict by the automatically operative power of all other nations concerned? Mr. Chamberlain answered for the world, even while talking very suavely for Britain. The problem of defense concerns every European government as vitally as the matter of personal hygiene interests the ordinary citizen exposed to disease. Before a nation can go to sleep on the ramparts it must know that nobody intends to climb over during the night. If boundaries could be stabilized once and for all; if commercial routes and privileges could be codified and established; if all debts could be paid—then indeed the folly of armed offensive would become so apparent that no people could be gathered into squads.

THE Protocol virtually presupposes just such a Europe. Were it adopted now, it would have to be repudiated later. But for all that, this attempt to legalize international relationships is, as M. Benes has avowed, a most helpful idea. It expresses by a species of formula the goal towards which all statesmanship worthy of the public confidence must strive henceforth. Though the attitude of the United States towards the League of Nations, or indeed towards more immediately entangling foreign relationships generally, may not undergo radical change for years to come, our position towards the Protocol cannot be one of indifference.

THE rest of the world, these days, finds Germany still an interesting and spiny problem. Mr. Chamberlain thinks she ought to be admitted into good society—though expressing his readiness to defend the Channel Ports in case she proves refractory. M. Herriot, with one canny eye on the Chamber and another on his own published declamations, is not quite sure whether to shake hands or not. As for the successor to President Ebert—the utmost to be expected of him is that he will not erupt the status quo with any dynamite of his own manufacture. Meanwhile the rest of the world hopes for the best and swears by the Dawes Plan. Yet this method of financial adjustment obviously takes care of only one among many aspects of the contemporary European situation. We may say that relations between the Reich and its neighbors are now exposed to three primary traffic jams—the Rhineland occupation, the Polish boundaries, and the exploitation of the Saar Valley. There are other problems, of course, but these three seem fundamental.

THE German statement that Alsace-Lorraine will no longer be a bone of contention may be accepted without hesitation. All Reich statesmen are agreed that Von Moltke formulated the basis of his country's fifty years of militarism when he said, in 1871, that the next war would be fought to "hold what we have gained." And they see with equal clearness that the cost of tenure proved infinitely greater than what the real estate was worth. But the question of the Rhineland is an almost altogether different matter. Germany could not surrender that territory and live. Whatever arguments may be presented from the French side of the legitimacy of a French claim to the Rhine countries, those arguments are completely overwhelmed by the outspoken opposition of the citizens resident in those countries. There was an hour when France might have won the day, but unwise administration ruined what was for Barres and his followers, both a cause and an opportunity. At the present moment the intelligent American can only believe that the sooner the Rhine problem is dropped, the better it will be for all the world.

A SECOND question, that of the Polish boundaries, weighed heavily with Mr. Chamberlain when he recently discussed affairs with M. Herriot. The French system of treaties with the Little Entente virtually obligates it to support the claims of Poland against both Russia and Germany. But the ancient kingdom of the Sobieskis is not yet a level-headed republic. It

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still marches rather jauntily to the tune of nationalistic aspirations. Naturally Germany will not accede to all conceivable demands, and naturally England will not embroil her own foreign policy by guaranteeing to support France unconditionally. The question is extremely knotty and could be disposed of permanently, it seems, only by a Franco-German agreement to arbitrate all disputes that may arise. As things now stand, the American observer will feel that the British Conservatives have very cleverly driven M. Herriot into a corner where he is likely to find the atmosphere somewhat stuffy.

THE disposition to be made of the Saar Valley is the smallest but surely the most acute among all the differences between the European protagonists. Clemenceau's attitude towards it was simple. He believed that the Saar was highly valuable industrial territory and he felt that France was in a position to take it. Even though this blunt policy was tempered by recourse to a League of Nations Commission, the result has been that for six years the French have exploited German territory and German citizens with a surprising disregard for social consequences. Obviously there can be no peace until this sore spot has been healed—a remedial process which—as many Parisian essayists have pointed out—is clearly in the hands of France.

ONE sympathizes with M. Herriot, in spite of his pipe, his oratory and his principles. The old foot-down policy of Poincaré was at least definite and straightforward. What the Socialistic Premier represents instead is a hazy cluster of unformed wishes, conciliatory impulses and restless dissatisfaction most difficult to transcribe into an ordre du jour. We can only hope, for the sake of his country and the general international welfare, that he will give way to a calm and painstaking statesman who will see—as Seipel saw in Austria—that the reconstruction of Europe as a whole is the only possible basis for the reconstruction of any single European nation.

IF a list of undesirable visitors to the United States had to be compiled by us, the name of Sir Charles Higham, "British advertising expert," would figure pretty close to the top. It is hard to imagine a loose and foolish mouth spilling more international dynamite in one evening than this eminent Babbitt unloaded recently at a dinner tendered to him by the Sphinx Club. Using the authority which many years of tea merchandising have acquired for him, he warned his hearers and the world at large that another great war is in course of preparation, to be upon us "possibly within ten years," during which "the yellow races" will make an attempt to digest that "tempting morsel," the United States of America, by means of a concerted attack upon Mexico, California and the Panama Canal, while Germany, simultaneously, will renew her attack upon France. His post-prandial imagination whetted by this line-up for fresh slaughter, Sir Charles went on to other revelations. France, "with money that belongs to your country," is equipping "a gigantic army and an air fleet that could wipe out London in twenty-four hours," while Japan "is organizing Russia on a war basis." One way and one way only, to avert catastrophe suggests itself to bluff Sir Charles. The two English-speaking nations "must build up their air defenses, and show that they are not going to have any nonsense about it," either. Anyone "with half an eye," he thinks, can size up the situation.

EVEN less than half an eye is needed to see pretty clearly that Sir Charles, and others like him, but with a subtler method, who abuse the hospitality of this country to air their national hatreds, and to suggest, by implication, that its people share them, are a public danger, only tempered by the imbecility and clear intention of their utterances. The New York Times, which reports Sir Charles, in a recent editorial described the eagerness of the ruling categories in England to stand in with America as "pathetic." "Perilous," would be a better word, when it takes the form of such after-dinner speeches as the guests at the Waldorf-Astoria listened to on the recent Thursday. The Pilgrims, the Sulgrave Institute, and all the other blood-thicker-than-water agencies might well pray to be delivered from such volunteer workers as Sir Charles Higham. There is no suggestion that the facilities for deportation which this country possesses should be placed at his disposal. But the State Department, which has shown itself remarkably sensitive of late to the susceptibilities of Mussolini and Regent Horthy, might give a thought to those of France and Japan, and suggest for Sir Charles Higham some such undertaking as Count Karolyi was invited to give a few weeks ago. An assurance that he would confine his future activities to selling to the United States the great business of afternoon tea, which we understand is his primary concern here, would do no harm. Souchong and Oolong, which the "yellow races" produce for him in their advertised perfection, are more humanizing and safer considerations than another Armageddon, to come "in less than twenty years, and most likely in ten."

TO some quite open-minded people it comes as a mild shock to find themselves in agreement, even qualified, with George Sylvester Viereck. Such open-minded people might rub their eyes and hesitate to find themselves in agreement with him on such a subject as the scientific aspect of psychoanalysis, yet it is possible to go a certain distance with him and with Mr. Aldous Huxley in their recent discussion of that subject in the Forum, for their arguments run parallel rather than from opposite directions to an issue joined.

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Mr. Viereck argues that psychoanalysis is a science; that Freud has made a real contribution to the science of psychology. Mr. Viereck recalls that "in the early 'eighties, Freud experimented with Breuer in an attempt to solve the problem of hysteria and neurosis. They discovered between them that by sounding the past of a patient, by submitting him to a scientific confessional [sic] they could cleanse his bosom of much perilous stuff."

AGAIN, Mr. Viereck assures us—"The strongest of all human instincts is sex; hence almost every psychic abnormality may be traced to some hitch in the transition from one phase of sexual development to another," and (for our purposes) finally—"Freud remarked to me that psychoanalysis seems to bring out the worst elements in the psychoanalyst himself." This last remark explains the normal man's repulsion to the psychoanalyst he encounters in his daily contacts. Psychoanalysis in the Freudian sense, in the sense in which it is understood by those who talk most about it, concerns one thing only, a thing that is quite likely to bring out the worst elements in the person who fills his mind with that, and that alone. From that point of view one assents quite cheerfully to Mr. Aldous Huxley's thesis—that Freud is a pseudo-scientist and that psychoanalysis is nothing more than the latest fad of the type of mind which, incapable of reasoning scientifically, seeks short cuts to knowledge through unverified theories.

AS Mr. Aldous Huxley understands psychoanalysis, that is undoubtedly true; as we understand it (and as Mr. Viereck does not understand it) we assent equally cheerfully to the Viereck proposition that it is a science. It is a science of ancient standing, certainly as old as the scientific confessional as conducted always by certain religious orders, and more modernly, on the rules laid down by one Ignatius of Loyola, to which some reasonably intelligent and not too intellectually docile men, submit their minds at fairly regular intervals. As to Freud's great contribution to psychology, nothing is a total loss which accustoms men to use their minds even a little, on subjects once segregated from general discussion and shunned as "scholastic" or "scientific." Wherein Freud's experiments prepare men's minds for an intelligent understanding—for even a glimmering of understanding—of the practical purpose of confession and of the value of the spiritual exercises (the psychological setting-up drill of Saint Ignatius) when, if and as, they come into contact therewith, he has of course made a valuable contribution to practical psychology.

IN his preface to The Notorious Stephen Burroughs of New Hampshire, which is reviewed in another column, Mr. Robert Frost, the poet, pauses a moment to wonder at the attraction that the Church of Rome, which he entered in middle life and of which he died a sincere and practising member, presented for this rascal, born a Yankee and raised a Puritan, and whose life had included counterfeiting, prison-breaking, impersonation and immorality of such a general character as to earn him the title of "The New England Casanova." Mr. Frost's surmise is often to be found under one form or another, and as it envisages not only an undeniable attraction of Catholicism for wrecked souls, but her toleration of them when they seek asylum with her, it is worth considering a moment and placing in its true perspective.

IT may as well be admitted that there is, at first sight, a seeming incongruity in the attitude of the Church towards fallen human nature, that puzzles and even scandalizes the positive mind. The stranger to her discipline may well ask himself how she manages to be at once the least accommodating and the most indulgent of the creeds, and may contrast her formidable insistence on immutable law with the facile and, to all appearances, mechanical fashion with which its infractions seem to be forgiven. The Catholic, of course, finds no difficulty here. He is well aware that his Church was once supreme arbiter in an entire province of law, termed the "canonical," and knows that, though the very conception of temporal punishment for sin is foreign to the modern mind, she has never abrogated her authority to assess guilt, or to invest with a tremendous property of reparation the slight penances which have replaced the old canonical sentences, promulgated so publicly and impressively.

HER intransigeance, of course, is notorious. She has an insuperable objection to hearing sin called by any other name, and insists on identifying it under all sorts of plausible disguises invented by the philosophic fashion of the moment. On the other hand, those who have rejected the lesson she stands ready to impart and have learned it in the bitter and conclusive fashion the world seldom spares its dupes, find, when they return, that she does not bargain for her forgiveness. This is her no less notorious indulgence. Hers is the one tribunal which takes no account of previous convictions—hers the one treasury that gives out the full pay envelope at the eleventh hour, while her saints work overtime to make up the deficit.

SUCH a view of the Church's power to bind and loose, familiar as it is to Catholics from childhood, may suggest an answer to Mr. Frost. Poor Stephen Burroughs (like many another Stephen before and since) "fell for" the old Church in the end, and, as he fell, one imagines, realized that, lightly as her hand was laid upon him, her little finger was thicker than the loins of that other law which had tried, and tried in vain, to break his stubborn spirit. Of course a system made so attractive to the laggard and lame duck

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has its drawbacks. It reduces what might be called the Church's content of sheer respectability. It is hard for the pharisee to rub elbows with the publican and prostitute. It is hard for the elder son to see the fatted calf going the way of the prodigal. It is hard for the sound and sinless to share a hospital atmosphere where tainted lungs breathe freely; and a tempered light where branded faces dare look up. These things are hard, but they are also inevitable. Being slightly disreputable is only part of the price the Catholic Church pays for being universal.

MR. JOSEPH LEWIS, president of the Freethinkers' Society, whose opposition to the proposed plan of giving religious instruction to public school children on school days we commented upon recently, expounds his views as follows:—"We do not object to the religious education of children with the consent of their parents at Sabbath schools on Saturdays and Sundays [how good of him!] but that should suffice." We wonder why? Oh, yes—"The churches should not attempt to gain control over the children on week days." Perhaps Mr. Lewis would prefer to have even the Saturdays and Sundays given over to the Rand school. Last month, at a meeting of the Young Peoples' Socialist League a "drive" was advocated for the gathering of the young people between sixteen and twenty-five into schools of "radical" thought, which were extolled, including the Rand establishment, as the future hope of the party and its school of thought. There have been enough articles published from time to time to give the public a fair idea of the competition that the Rand and other radical schools offer to the churches and to religious systems of education. It might be unfair to say that they taught immorality or glorified wrongdoing. But they are sceptical, atheistically unspiritual, basing their recommendations, even when good, on shallow grounds of expediency and utilitarianism.

IT is teaching of this sort, systematic or casual, that has created the moral crisis which is arousing leaders of all faiths to restate the old principles, to revive in the minds of the rising generation the true and eternal foundation of obligation to right thinking and well doing. Mr. Lewis wholly misunderstands the situation. The thing against which he agitates is the very thing which a growing majority of the public demand, viz—that the churches should once again directly guide the morals of the whole people, young and old. The new cry of good civilization is for the establishment of spiritual impulse in every soul in order to put an end to the wave of crime, to stay the tide of indifference, frivolity and dubious conduct which is the world sickness of the period. This must be done, and only a rebirth of religious inspiration can accomplish it.

THE remarks which we made some time ago regarding the limitations of modern home-making in "parlor, bedroom and bath," were emphasized by Mgr. John S. York in the statements he made at the Kiwamis Club luncheon in Ridgewood. His censure was directed against the frivolous women who "run from moving picture shows in the afternoon to 'can stores' to get canned foods for their husbands on the latter's return from work." No doubt the condemnation of such a way of life is justified, but it is only fair to remember that many of these women have no proper place in which to cook a meal, even if they stayed at home to do it. The general welfare would be largely promoted if more of the money which is daily given to charitable causes were invested instead for profit—moderate profit—in erecting plain and simple but fairly habitable homes for the families of the poor and "near-poor." It is being done by some of the insurance companies—why not by other careful planners?

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago such articles as Professor Glenn Clark's The Soul's Sincere Desire and A Lost Art of Jesus could not have found place in a secular magazine; probably not even, as they stand, in the pages of a church quarterly. Even today Papini's Life of Christ has shocked some good souls. Then, many people would have thought such writing temerarious; many more would have felt about it as that hearty old English squire, cornered by a friend on his real religious belief— "Of course, M., I believe in the immortality of the soul and that we shall be glorified in the life to come, but I do wish you would not raise such unpleasant subjects." One of the remarkable phenomena accompanying the disintegration of formal church Protestantism is the concurrent growth of interest evidenced everywhere in the personal life of Christ, and in the personal application of the teachings of Christ, whether considered as a man or as the Son of God, apparently quite irrespective of "dogma," "sect," or "religion" in general. There is a distinct and definite urge to get away from "theology" and to "live the teachings of Christ" exactly as Glenn Clark states it— "I have come to the conclusion that the greatest of all the lost arts—lost for these twenty centuries—is the great art of living as Jesus practised it: living in such a way that trouble fell like scales from the eyes of all those about Him who were in need." Here would seem to be visible evidence of eternal reaction to the everpresent forces of disintegration; neo-paganism met by this hunger for Christ.

PROTESTANTS have long been taught to consider as a wicked fallacy the Church's claim to sole apostolic succession and authority. It is that claim on which they choke, coupled with the outward administrative structure of the Church, its "priestcraft." Fleeing from "dogma" and a faith "disfigured by Rome," they have sought truth in the Old Testament, rather than

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Christ in the New Testament. Now, menaced by the logical and meritable results of the unguided use of free will, they turn back bewildered but sincere to the Highest Authority, Christ Himself.

BREAD, WINE AND CHERRIES

MR. SIMEON STRUNSKY, who is always worth listening to, even at his occasional perverse, goes out of his way, in a recent issue of the New York Times, to find some sorely-needed comfort for a disequilibrated world. Taking as his text Sinclair Lewis's Arrowsmith, in which the author of Main Street features in striking fashion the contrast between the rewards the world offers its charlatans and supersalesmen, and the pittance it keeps for its thinkers and research men, he inclines to think that we are too ready with our pity for the latter category. The "nominally unsuccessful men," he believes, are "really the happiest," and he asks, not unplausibly, what a Gottlieb or an Arrowsmith would "do with a limousine" in the inconceivable event they found themselves earning it.

With a thesis so ungrateful to prove, Mr. Strunsky can hardly be blamed for leaving aside certain considerations which might play sad havoc with his consoling theory. One, at least, lay to hand in the very book on which his little sermon is based. When Lewis's Professor Gottlieb, who is likely to become a symbol as hard and definite as the deathless Babbitt, closed his mental eyes for a moment on the turmoil and varnished glitter of the American scene, it was not in terms of limousines or material possessions of any sort that his solace presented itself. His dream, as unattainable as it was humble, was merely to sit at a table before the Seine or Rhine—"a table on which would be bread and cheese and wine, and a plate of dusky cherries—the holy simplicities of all the world." In other words, it is just the simple and humble ameliorations of life which the unworldly would be satisfied with—the "compensations," as Louis Veuillot has it, "that Heaven has willed the little ones for their lowly state," which the growing complexity of life has put out of their reach once and for all.

Contented poverty may still persist here and there. But it is growing harder and harder for the poor man to be contented and to preserve his self-respect. When poverty has become a symbol for failure, it requires almost heroic virtue to embrace it or to feel in it anything but the harsh renouncements implied in the word "vocation." The choice today, whether Mr. Strunsky cares to admit it or no, is not between a more or less complex life, but between acceptance of the world's standard of accomplishment and a life that will be harassed and "deprived" (to use Mr. Wells's striking phrase) to its very close. Of course one can frankly join the "vocational classes"—accept metophorical tonsure and sandals, and live on what crumbs wealthy men of good will can spare. But will work of real benefit to the world result from what really is as much a servile class as the slave-poets and artists of later Rome? Mr. Lewis appears to think not—and this, I take it, is the real thesis of his Arrowsmith.

Nothing so abates the fervor and stress of life, or more effectively curtails the insolence of mere wealth, as the existence beside it of a class, self-respecting and respected, which is not primarily concerned with material rewards. But such a class is a very fragile affair, peculiarly at the mercy of economic chance, and it cannot exist in a country where the odium of failure is allowed to rest upon poverty. At his best, the student or artist, under the contentment which he wears as a protective armor, has always been aware of his insecurity in a materialized order which can so readily dispense with what he has to offer. What makes the peculiar hardship of his lot today, and preëminently in America, is the difficulty of fitting himself, however modestly, into a scheme of things that is organized for prosperity, from top to bottom, and in which he has an increasing air of being an atavistic survival from days that sold less and gave more. His are the things that are priceless because no demand has ever set a price upon them. But his are also the things priceless because, once lost, like the Sibylline books, they are lost forever.

Bread and wine and cherries! "The holy simplicities of all the world." They have fallen upon evil days. Wine is already anathema—the new crime. Thanks to million-dollar baking and milling concerns, a generation is growing up that has never known the taste of real bread. As for the cherry tree, dear to national legend, its reprieve is likely to be brief. To follow the currant bush into outlawry, it only awaits the discovery upon its bark of some "pest," hostile to the pulp industry, upon whose product the comic strip, the yellow Sunday supplement, and the "Dirty Story" magazine are broadcast over our fair land from coast to coast.

HISSING

IT IS only at the Metropolitan Opera House that encores are forbidden. Occasionally also the audiences in our theatres are requested to stay their applause until the end of a scene. It seems therefore that the opportunities for applause are carefully conserved and—may we say it?—not altogether discouraged.

We have paid a high price for our tickets of admission into the theatre, led by an inflammatory, critical, persistent advertising of merits; or a sweetly-smiling poster in warm colors on the fences, or at the entrances, or shining in lights across the skies. We find that we are confronted by some scene or plot that would turn away the denizens of a low bar-room from their drinks to nausea. We are permitted to applaud. Are we not permitted to hiss?

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Would it not be the most salutary remedy for these Augean conditions that make a cow-barn a sweet addition to Broadway or any Main Street, if in some scene of twin-beds, pyjamas and correspondent's climaxes a good round hiss could be heard from the darkness of the house—not necessarily the violent boo-hoo with which the London audiences still guard their British liberties, nor the cauliflower and poultry tributes with which revolutionary people are wont to mark their displeasure—but a good long healthy hiss to express popular feelings—not claque or clique sentiments, but a robust, unmistakable, unsurmountable, simple declarative "No" from the audience—the real judge in the matter of propriety?

We have heard the arguments advanced by the critics and the managers: we have read the fuming of editors and pallid protests of judges, scholars and clergymen: there have been a hundred societies for reforming the stage, tribunals public, and even secret councils of ten, after the denunciatory style of old Venice—but we have also seen the theatres crowded to the doors, the price of tickets advanced, the actor in the hold of the ancient cuttle-fish, and the ticket speculator arm in arm with the impresario (Heaven be thanked for that grand word!) at Palm Beach and Deauville.

Let us be brave enough to hiss out boldly when affronted in our high-priced seats. Let us risk the burly usher—latterly the burly ones seem to have gone into more useful occupations than leading us to our chairs—theatrical not electrical. Let us disturb our neighbors with our disapproval as they so often have disturbed us with their applauding. Let us revive the ancient and honorable practice of the unmistakable, healthy hiss.

SUN-SPOTS

SUN-SPOTS must be known by name to everybody, and of the non-astronomical general public there must be many who have seen, if not the objects themselves when visiting some observatory, at least pictures of these strange wells in the outer gaseous envelope of the sun. They have been known at least since 1611 when Father Scheiner, a Jesuit, noted them in a helioscope apparently of his own invention, and published the results of his observations. Of course Galileo independently discovered them also. For at least 150 years, careful records have been kept so that we now know that these objects reach a maximum about every eleven years. The magazine Science adds an interesting discovery made by Mr. Elton of Oxford University, which reveals that besides weather variations which seem to follow this cycle, and the growth of redwoods which also exhibit direct relation to it, it also has a distinct bearing on the increase in number of certain animals. Since 1845 the Hudson Bay Company have kept a record of fur returns, and from that it can be shown that the maximum rabbit production occurs every eleven years, so that in some way the spots affect this. It is not clear how, but sunshine is very closely related to the production of some of the vitamins now known to be of such great importance to life, and it would seem that the greater activity at sun-spot times may determine changes in the food of the rabbits leading to a greater fertility. The lynx and the fox also vary in the eleven-year period, but then they live on rabbits and the nexus is not difficult to understand.

There is a curious little rodent, the lemming, with an extraordinary tendency to occasional migrations in which all attempt at self-preservation vanishes, which inhabits the Arctic regions on both sides of the Atlantic —in Canada on our side, and in Norway and Sweden on the other. At intervals the lemmings, prompted by some unexplained instinct, set out on a long trek which nothing is allowed to interrupt. On the other side of the Atlantic they make for the west until they reach the sea, which, undaunted, they attempt to cross, perishing in myriads. There is a record of a sailing ship having once been fifteen hours surrounded by swimming lemmings. Mr. Elton remarks that the spectacle of lemmings ecstatically throwing themselves over the ends of railway bridges and falling to an apparently useless death beneath; the sea strewn with dead lemmings like leaves on the ground after a storm; lemmings making a bee-line across crowded traffic, oblivious to danger, are things bound to create discussion, and thus "lemming-years" in Norway are well recorded. Curiously enough their period is three and a half years—not eleven—but it concurs with a like periodic variation in climate, especially noticeable in Arctic regions, whose cause is unknown and the connection of which with the madness of the lemmings is quite unrecognizable.

The study of these matters also shows how intimately living things are linked with one another, for during the "lemming-year," quantities of short-eared owls collect to feed upon them. These are followed by peregrine falcons, unknown in Norway in other years, who find the short-eared owl a very special titbit.

On our side, in Greenland, the Arctic foxes so glut themselves with lemmings during a "lemming-year," that they have no room to spare for the ptarmigan, their usual diet, and these birds accordingly increase in numbers. But the year after, down they go again when the fox returns to his old diet after the carnival of the lemmings. What makes the lemmings set out on this trek to the west? No one has ever made a reasonable suggestion. Those who delight their minds with ideas of the "lost Atlantis," think that it is the tough and ancient tradition of former emigrations to that long-lost land. It is a far-fetched explanation, and in any case does not account for the behavior of the Greenland lemmings.

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THE TWO CAMPS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

IT IS a matter which impresses itself more and more upon me as the years proceed, that the modern world is getting divided intellectually into two camps. The first camp is that of those who distinguish the certain from the probable, the probable from the improbable, the improbable from what is essentially impossible. They are in the habit of examining and discussing essentials. They have a sense of the past on which to base a conclusion. The second camp avoids thought, takes what it is told, and forgets. Nor has it the past. The second camp knows little about the first, and is even unused to its method of reason: while the first knows all about the second and yet finds it very difficult to make an impression upon the second because the second is too ill-equipped, too ill-trained, either to see the bearings of a full argument in logic or to appreciate the comparative value of evidence.

A simple division—a much too simple one—defining these two camps would be to call the first camp Catholic and the other anti-Catholic. Such a way of putting it would be symbolically true, but not actually true.

It would be like saying that the southern states of America were the region of the Negro, and the northern states the region where the Negro was not; or it would be like saying (as one often does say) that winter is the season of storms. In all such cases the too short phrase corresponds only roughly to a general truth which can only be expressed accurately by expansion; as, if one were to say that winter is the period of the most prolonged and unpleasant storms. Of the first camp the core is certainly the Catholic Church, and of the second the driving power is certainly anti-Catholic. But the truth could only be stated with a very large measure of modification. The Catholic culture tends to put men in the first camp: its opponent in the second. But there are still great areas, both in space and in number, where Catholic groups are more ignorant than their opponents, and even certain areas, both in space and in number, where the working intelligence is less upon the Catholic side than upon its opponents'. Again, there is still a considerable body of highly educated modern people, with no small sense of the past, and using lucid intellectual method, who are still definitely on the anti-Catholic side.

In France the two camps are usually called Traditionalist and Anti-Traditionalist. Here, in England, where I am writing, they have no name, and indeed the first is here insignificant.

At any rate, the two camps are there, in the white world as a whole, and with every passing year they differentiate more and more and tend to form two worlds within what is still (precariously) our common civilization.

It would be of an intense interest to know whether the one or the other would conquer. If the inferior one conquers, our civilization will sink immediately afterwards, and rapidly. If the superior one conquers, our civilization will be restored to a level which it has long lost but of which it still retains some memory. It may even be that neither will conquer the other, but that, as has been the case in the Levant for centuries, two cultures will exist side by side. At any rate, today the contrast is there; it is more and more apparent, and more and more acute.

I will give examples of it. In the superior camp men appreciate the function of property. In the inferior camp they either defend capitalism or socialism according to their mood. In the superior camp men appreciate the institution of marriage. In the inferior camp they regard marriage as a mere limitation of opportunity enforced by a terminable contract.

I advisedly use the word "appreciate" and not the word "approve." I mean that in the one set the nature of human institutions is understood because they are treated as parts of a whole which is sufficiently comprehended. In the other set human institutions are not understood, because they are taken as little pieces of experience uncoördinated with the rest of life. A man may be the enemy of the institution of marriage or of the institution of property, and yet belong to the first camp. A man may even (though that is more difficult) firmly support those institutions and yet belong to the second, inferior, camp, because he does not understand their true position nor value the discussion and analysis of them. I have known many such men who, discussing, for instance, the institution of marriage, will defend it upon the plea of national excellence, saying—"My nation excels because the bond of marriage is there so well observed," whereas, as a fact, his nation does not excel, but is declining (only he is too ignorant of other nations to know that) and the bond of marriage in his nation is less respected than in neighboring nations (though he is too ignorant to know that either). I have known scores of men who in attempting to defend the institution of property, defend the last excesses of capitalism. All such people distinctly belong to the inferior camp, though the doctrines they hold are just and consonant with right reason. On the contrary, I have known many an enemy of both institutions who had a thorough knowledge of their history, of their position in the contemporary world, and of the arguments by which they might be defended. Such men, though the opponents of right reason, belong to the superior of the two camps, and all men

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within the same camp would treat them as equals, however hostile.

In the inferior camp men accept a hundred hard and fast dogmas which they read in print and believe to be scientific, that is, established by demonstration and proof. They accept a full and detailed picture of the unknown origins of our race visualized as a very horrible hairy animal: usually a reddish hue (I see by the magazine covers). They will tell you the age of a star (with the modest admission of some margin of doubt). They will describe the movements of peoples and languages of which there is no record whatsoever, and of which no one knows whether they took place or not. They will confidently describe the process whereby men fell under the illusion of immortality or of a godhead. Prominent among people of this sort, and a typical spokesman for them in England and her colonies, is Mr. H. G. Wells. In the superior camp men are alive, not with imaginary certitudes on "prehistory," but with curiosity. They eagerly examine every new piece of evidence; above all they appreciate the paucity of all evidence so far collected upon such problems, and even the contradiction between various parts of that evidence.

Look where you will throughout the modern world, you will find these two forces standing in an increasing opposition. If you would have a test whereby you may know the membership of the one or of the other, I will give you a test which I have found most excellent. The one party has a system, and the other has none. The one is acquainted with contradiction; the other cannot conceive it. In a word, the one can define and the other cannot.

That is the test. When the inferior sort use any term, "natural selection," or "democracy," or even "proved," they do not know the limits of their expression. They invariably use the same word for several different concepts; they cannot establish a boundary between them. The superior sort produce upon the inferior a sense of ill-ease which sometimes passes into rage, because it can so easily propound questions which the inferior cannot answer, and which even stir in them some twinges of the painful process called thought. Yet the superior does not affect the inferior, because the inferior has not the training or the knowledge or the sufficiently lively instinct wherewith to recognize either truth or reasonable doubt when it is proposed.

The only force which could bridge the gulf between the two is a recrudescence of humility: that the inferior should know himself. But do you see that coming? I don't.

THE NESTORIANS

By W. L. SCOTT

A RECENT press despatch announcing that the Patriarch of the Nestorians, a boy of sixteen, is on his way to England, to be the guest while there of the Archbishop of Canterbury, calls attention to an ancient and interesting people.

Nestorius, who was Patriarch of Constantinople early in the fifth century, taught that there were two persons in Christ, the man Christ Jesus, and the Spirit of God dwelling in Him. This doctrine was condemned at the Council of Ephesus in the year 431, but was nevertheless widely adopted, especially in Mesopotamia and Persia. For many centuries the Nestorian church flourished exceedingly, spreading at one time not only over Mesopotamia and Persia, but India and China as well. Seleucia-Ctesiphon, and afterwards Bagdad, was its centre, and it played a leading part in the development of civilization in the regions tributary to those cities. This was especially so under the Arabs. At Bagdad, under the Abassyd Caliphs, the court physicians and other learned men, as well as the scribes and secretaries, were mainly Nestorians. Indeed, the Arab culture which, entering by way of Spain, spread through Europe and became so important a factor in mediaeval learning, had its chief source among the Nestorians of Bagdad.

The church reached the height of its prosperity in the thirteenth century under the Patriarch Yaballaha III, a native of northern China. He was obeyed by twenty-five metropolitans and 250 bishops. His representative was received with respect at the courts of the most powerful countries of Europe, and even at Rome itself. These years of splendor were, however, but the effulgence of the setting sun. They were interrupted by a frightful cataclysm followed by centuries of darkness. The lame Timur and his wild hordes swept like a hurricane over Asia, totally destroying the Nestorian church in China and India, and leaving but a mere fragment of it in Persia and Mesopotamia. From this blow the Nestorian church has never rallied. Before the late war, its adherents had dwindled to about 70,000, and as they suffered terribly during the massacres and deportations, there must be even fewer now.

There is a Catholic people, the Chaldeans, inhabiting the same region, whose ancestors were once Nestorians, but who now look on themselves as distinct, not only in religion, but in nationality as well. In 1551, when Shim'un Denhâ was elected Patriarch, a group of Nestorians were dissatisfied and elected one Sulâkâ as a rival Patriarch. He, with those who followed him, abjured heresy and submitted to Rome. In 1607 the successor of Denhâ did likewise,

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and for some seventy-five years the Nestorians were all Catholics, but divided into bodies ruled over by two separate lines of Patriarchs.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century the successor of Sulâkâ, of the original Catholic line, fell away, and the line has been schismatic ever since. In the middle of the eighteenth century the original Denhâ line also became schismatic, and a third Patriarchate was established for those of the people who remained Catholic. This continued until 1830, when it was merged in the Denhâ line, which had then recently come back.

We have, therefore, the curious result, that the present Catholic Patriarch of the Chaldeans is in fact the lineal successor of the ancient Nestorian Patriarchs, whereas the present Nestorian Patriarch is of the former Catholic line, founded by Sulâkâ in 1551. The title of the Catholic Patriarch is Patriarch of Babylon. His official residence is at Mosul, whereas the Nestorian Patriarch resides at Urmi. The Catholic Patriarch is elected by his own bishops, in the present of the Apostolic Delegate, but the election, to be valid, must be confirmed by the Pope. The title of the present incumbent is His Beatitude Emmanuel II Thomas, who was elected in 1900. The Chaldeans, like the Nestorians, suffered fearfully during the late war—their numbers being reduced from 102,000 to 60,000.

The Patriarchate of the Nestorians is now hereditary in the patriarchal family. This has been brought about, not by substantive law, but through custom, greatly aided by the traditional rules governing the diet of the future Patriarch. The Patriarch may never eat meat, and to be eligible for election, a candidate must never have done so. Not only that, but his mother must have abstained from it during the time of her pregnancy. Clearly, then, the possibility of his ultimate succession to the patriarchal dignity must have been in contemplation even before the candidate's birth, and he must have been trained from infancy with that end in view. As the Patriarch must be celibate, he cannot have children of his own to succeed him, but he always keeps in his household several eligible nephews, and from among these the new Patriarch is elected by the notables of the nation. In consequence of the limited number of available candidates, the dignity of Patriarch often falls to boys of very immature age. Mar Benjamin Shim'un was elected in 1903 at the age of seventeen. He warmly espoused the cause of the Allies in the late war and died at the head of his people, fighting against the Kurds. The next Patriarch, after a short reign, died five years ago in the Bakuba camp. The present Patriarch was then elected, at the age of eleven. He is Mar Ibsai Shim'un. The name Shim'un (Simon) is adopted by each succeeding Patriarch upon his election as his official name. His full designation is—"The Reverend and Honorable Father of Fathers and Great Shepherd, Mar Shim'un, Patriarch and Katholicos of the East."

The office of Patriarch of the Nestorians is by no means a sinecure. He rules over one metropolitan and seven bishops, and his duties do not end there. He is by custom and common consent the absolute ruler of his people, not alone in religious, but (in so far as the law of the land will permit) in civil matters as well. Nor is he lacking in power to enforce his decrees. He rules by force of public opinion, and his sentence of excommunication entails a general boycott which is much dreaded. He must, of course, govern according to the canon law of his church, but from his ruling there is nevertheless no appeal. He is, moreover, irremovable from office, and while his conformity to canon law and custom are no doubt ensured in practice by the influence of public opinion, his conduct (apart, of course, from his obligations to the state) is not otherwise subject to review. The canon law provides that he may be judged by "his brother Patriarchs," but as there are no Patriarchs who recognize him as a brother, there is no church court before which he can be brought.

The relations between the Church of England and the Nestorian church have in recent years been most cordial, and no doubt the youthful Patriarch will receive a warm welcome in England, where his uncle and predecessor, Mar Benjamin Shim'un was well known and much esteemed.

At Dusk

I stood upon a little hill
And loved the world—a world so still—
  So still I thought I heard its heart
  Shaking the blades of grass apart!

I paused beneath a cherry tree.
Blackbirds objected, there, to me.
  I ran away, and the cool breath
  Of earth dashed on my cheeks. Oh, death
Was but a silly nonsense rhyme
Beginning "Once upon a time. . ."

Poplars lifted thin arms, and prayed,
And, lost in ecstasy, they swayed;
  And close to one I knelt, and said—
  "God, is it true I will be dead?"

A crow flew by; his long, stiff wings
Flapping. Delicious murmurings
  Trembled along the grasses' tips.
  I touched a daisy with my lips.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

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MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

VIII. FIGHTING BIRTH CONTROL IN ENGLAND

By HALLIDAY G. SUTHERLAND

THE modern birth control movement was imported into England from Boston, Massachusetts. In the early years of the nineteenth century a physician of that city, Dr. Charles Knowlton, published a small book entitled Fruits of Philosophy: An Essay on the Population Question. This book described the physiology of generation and certain methods of contraception, and apparently had a free but small circulation amongst American Freethinkers. It was first published in London in 1833, and was sold in England until December 23, 1886, when a Bristol bookseller was convicted for selling an indecent book—Fruits of Philosophy.

In 1887 Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, "honestly believing that on all questions affecting the happiness of the people," the "fullest right of free discussion ought to be maintained at all hazards," reprinted and published this book. For that offense they were arrested, and after a trial which lasted five days before Lord Chief Justice Coburn and a special jury, they were sentenced on June 28, 1887, to six months imprisonment and fined £200 each. In the Court of Appeal the sentence was quashed on the ground of serious omission in the indictment. In that year the first British birth control society was formed by the late Dr. G. R. Drysdale. The society was known as The Malthusian League, and is now called The New Generation League.

The League is non-political, non-religious, and if anything agnostic. They have a London clinic where, in addition to general welfare work amongst women, advice on contraceptive methods is given only by a qualified medical man; and printed information on this subject is given only to those who sign the following declarations—1. That they agree with the economic principles of Malthus. 2. That they are over twenty-one years of age. 3. That they are married or about to be married.

Birth control propaganda is also carried on by the Society of Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, founded in 1921. This Society also runs a clinic where contraceptive advice is given by a qualified midwife, but where general welfare work is not undertaken. A qualified doctor visits once a week to see any "difficult" cases.

The president of the Society is Miss Marie Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, whose doctorate is not in medicine but in science and philosophy, and who in private life is Mrs. Humphrey Verdon Roe. Her books on contraception have been distributed without any restriction throughout Great Britain. In 1922 I published a severe criticism* of this lady's propaganda, and on May 12, she commenced an action against the publishers and myself in the High Court of Justice to recover damages for libel, and to obtain an injunction against its repetition.

By her statement of claim, the plaintiff alleged that my words meant and were intended to mean that she was taking advantage of the ignorance of the poor to subject them to experiments of a most harmful and dangerous nature; that she was guilty of disgraceful, illegal, and criminal practices for which she should be punished by a term of imprisonment; and that she was a person with whom no decent or respectable persons should associate. In opening the case, her leading Counsel, Sir Patrick Hastings, with whom were Sir Hugh Fraser and Mr. Metcalfe, invited the defendants to justify the following defamatory elements in the alleged libel—that she had experimented upon poor people; that her writings amounted to a criminal offense; and that the check pessary which she recommended was a most harmful method of contraception.

Both the publishers and myself had pleaded justification—e. g., that the words in their natural meaning were true in substance and in fact; and fair comment—e. g., that the words, even if not strictly true, were fair and bona fide comment made without malice on a matter of public interest. We were represented by Mr. Ernest Charles, K.C., Mr. Serjeant Sullivan, K.C., Mr. Theobald Matthew, Mr. Ragagliati, and Mr. Harold Murphy, instructed by Messrs. Charles Russell and Company, London. On the fifth day the special jury, after an absence of over four hours, found that the words were defamatory, that they were true in substance and in fact, that they were not fair comment, and awarded contingent damages of £100. "In view of the finding of justification," the Lord Chief Justice entered judgment for the defendants.

The comments of the English press on the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice give some indication of the trend of public opinion. The Conservative papers maintained a discreet silence throughout the case, but the Liberal newspapers, which appear to have inherited the Malthusian tradition of the Whigs, were mostly in favor of the plaintiff. The Pall Mall and Globe roundly declared that "the kernel of the verdict is that the frank and honest discussion of birth control is not to be suppressed by the abusive outpourings of conventional or theological prejudice." The Daily

* *Birth Control. A Statement of Christian Doctrine against the Neo-Malthusians. London: Messrs. Harding and More.*

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News followed suit, referring to "Dr. Stopes" and "the welfare of her patients," as if she were a doctor of medicine. To the Westminster Gazette "the case throughout illustrates how the ancient taboos about marriage and sex, part of them tribal and part of them theological, still linger in these modern days." The Star thought "that this action ought to put an end to the defamatory method of criticism." There were no further comments from those newspapers after the final decision in the House of Lords. The only comment of the Labor press was in the Workers' Dreadnought—"Our sympathy with Dr. Stopes is lessened by her letters to the Nation defending the prosecution of Bradlaugh and Besant, Margaret Sanger, and the Aldreds for a birth control propaganda which, in effect, is the same as her own."

On the other side, the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice was approved by the Daily Express and by many provincial papers, by the Law Journal, and by the entire religious press of England, both Anglican and Catholic.

The plaintiff appealed to the Court of Appeal, where on July 20, 1923, Lords Justices Bankes and Scrutton (Lord Justice Younger dissenting) reversed the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice, and directed judgment to be entered for the plaintiff. Thereafter the publishers and myself appealed to the House of Lords, where judgment was delivered on November 21, 1924. The Lord Chancellor held that the plea of truth had been established, and that there was no evidence whatever on which a rational verdict could be found to the effect that the comment was unfair. The judgment of the Lord Chief Justice was then restored, with costs in all courts. Thus ended the British birth control libel action, which lasted for two and one half years, and cost the defendants £10,000.

At present there is no organized opposition to the birth control movement in Great Britain, and unless the police are prepared to act on their own initiative, it will be necessary to organize some means of putting the criminal law in motion against the flood of obscene literature masquerading as birth control propaganda, whereby the minds of boys and girls are being debauched. The opposition of the Catholic Church is not organized, but is nevertheless instinctive and universal, and finds expression in numerous speeches and contributions to the press on the part of individual Catholics throughout the country. Indeed the birth controlers are well aware that the most uncompromising opposition to their propaganda is on the part of the Catholic minority in England. To defeat the contraception heresy it is necessary to appeal to the religious instincts of the people, to remind them of the reasons why their Protestant forefathers were implacably opposed to this vice, and to set out the various dangers and fallacies of a propaganda which is at once anti-national and anti-social.

Apart altogether from the teaching either of natural or of revealed religion, it is impossible to justify the practice of contraception, even on the basis of elementary ethics, because it involves the doing of an action with the intention of avoiding its natural consequences. It is a perversion of nature. To meet that objection the birth controllers contend that the sex instinct is analogous to the appetite for food, and that therefore there can be no possible harm in its gratification. They forget that the primary purpose of hunger, or the instinct to eat, is to nourish the body. As long as this purpose is not defeated there is obviously no question of wrong in the enjoyment of good food. But the Romans, during the decline of the empire, sought to gratify the pleasure of the appetite for food, and then, by the use of emetics, to defeat the primary purpose for which it was created. There is no logical difference whatsoever between their piggishness, universally condemned by mankind, and the practice of artificial birth control, because the primary purpose of the sex instinct is the procreation of children.

The leading protagonists of birth control in England are not doctors of medicine. They are doctors of science or of philosophy, and are therefore no more qualified to deal with the medical aspects of birth control than a doctor of music. Owing to this lack of knowledge they have recommended methods of contraception which are either harmful or ineffective. For example, one of the most advertised methods of contraception is by means of an appliance called the check pessary. This is described by Professor McIlroy, a distinguished gynaecologist, as "the most harmful method of which I have had experience." Moreover another gynaecologist, who advocates birth control, has testified on oath that the check pessary failed to prevent pregnancy in twenty-five women out of twenty-nine who used this method of contraception. Again, during the recent birth control libel action it was proved that another so-called contraceptive, the "gold-pin," was in point of fact a most dangerous instrument of abortion. Birth control has been supported by certain physicians, surgeons, and medical officers of health in Great Britain, but it is remarkable that this propaganda should be condemned almost unanimously by those of their colleagues who have specialized on diseases of women. At all events, the leading gynaecologists are satisfied that contraceptives may be the cause of sterility, of physical disease, and of mental unhappiness in women.

The most amazing feature in this conflict is the apathy of the British government towards a propaganda which, in the opinion of its own statistical experts, is already a menace to the nation. The Board of Education have recently discovered that in 1925 there are 1,000,000 fewer children in the primary schools of England and Wales than there were in 1910. The Registrar-General has stated that by reason of the falling birth rate, the proportion of old people in the population is increasing, and that, since

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the death rate at the more advanced ages of life is of necessity high, the country will soon be entering a period of rising death rates. Dr. John Brownlee, Director of Statistics to the Medical Research Council, has pointed out that with a birth rate equivalent to the average for the three years, 1921-1923, with a death rate similar to that of 1911, and with an annual emigration of 120,000—the population of Britain is likely to reach its maximum within twenty years, and thereafter decline. As a statistician he maintains that in place of this being the time for preaching birth control, an opposite policy is required, because any further fall in the birth rate "will very seriously endanger the national life."

In relation to the British empire, birth control spells suicide. For example, in the "heart of Australia"—a district equal to the combined areas of Germany, France, and Italy—there are only 3,000,000 people: and in all Australia there is only one inhabitant to every ten in Japan. Indeed the Chinese Consul was so impressed by the low figures of the population statistics of the Imperial Wilderness in 1914, that he wrote—

"I saw more trees than men. The Almighty gave Australia to the Australians, and they could not use it, so He took it away from them, and gave it to the English. If the English do not use it, He will doubtless take it away from them."

IX. DIVORCE AND HYSTERIA

By JAMES J. WALSH

HYSTERIA has increased with the spread of civilization. We no longer call it by the old-fashioned name because it carries too many innuendoes. George Eliot said that we map out our ignorance in long Greek names—so we now say that the hysterical are sufferers from psychoneuroses—that is, that they are the victims of various symptoms which are produced by the effect of their minds upon their nervous systems. As pointed out long ago by Hippocrates and emphasized by Sydenham, often called the English Hippocrates, the mind can produce the symptoms of any disease and can work up the symptoms proper to any organ. It cannot produce disease in the sense of pathological changes in the tissues, but it can produce the symptoms of disease.

We used to think that hysteria, as indeed the name implies etymologically (hysteros in Greek means uterus) was confined to the female sex; but during the war thousands of beds had to be provided behind the lines for the accommodation of young, strong, healthy men who had passed a rigid medical examination on their entrance into the service and who were suffering from no organic disease, but whose nervous systems had broken down hysterically under the stress of the emotions produced by the war. The French found that the best way to cure "shell shock" was to administer to the patient a charge of faradic electricity that was extremely painful. This often corrected the hysterical palsies and tremors, the dumbness, and even deafness and blindness of the so-called "shell shock" cases after all other remedies had failed.

Perhaps one medical remark will be sufficient to demonstrate the large rôle played in modern life by the psychoneuroses. Dr. William J. Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, who probably is more intimately in touch than any other with the surgery, not only of this country but also of Europe, declared not long ago that he felt convinced that there was ever so much more suffering in the world as the result of neurotic conditions in which people thought that they were the victims of disease, than came from all the surgical affections with which our hospitals are crowded at the present time. Whenever people pamper their bodies they almost inevitably make up for it by torturing their minds. Nature has her compensations.

Medical scientists are inclined to think now that we have an essential definition for hysteria. We used to describe it in terms of its symptoms—but they are multiform, and can quite literally imitate any disease or masquerade under the disguise of any affection. The multiform character of the symptoms made the complete picture of hysteria confusing. However, French investigation and research have in recent years led to the conclusion that hysteria can be defined as super-suggestibility—that is to say, hysterical people take and react to suggestions ever so much more readily than other people. If you tell them that they look badly, straightway they fall sick. If you tell them that you think they are losing weight, they develop a sense of weakness for which they will have to apply to a physician before they can hope for relief from it. Some of them are so super-suggestible that if they read about a new disease or hear about the death of a friend from some unusual affection, they begin to notice the symptoms in themselves.

The hysterical-minded always like to be the centre of attention and in the limelight. They want to hug the flattering unction to their souls that they are different from others, and they want all the world to know just as much as possible about the conditions to which they are subjected and the mental anguish which they are compelled to suffer.

It is not difficult to understand how people of this kind—especially women—find it difficult to settle down to the everyday life of matrimony and be satisfied with the simple duties of their state of life. Hence the

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rôle which hysteria so often plays in the matter of divorce.

Unfortunately hysteria is increasing as civilization grows more complex: so is divorce. Indeed there is a direct ratio between them which reveals very clearly that they are associated in a large way as cause and effect. A great French authority on nervous affections suggested not long since that more than 50 percent of the patients who enter a physician's office for treatment are sufferers from psychoneuroses. These patients will not be cured until a definite change in their attitude of mind toward themselves is brought about. Of course the French professor did not suggest that the other 50 percent of the physician's patients were psychoneurotic, nor did he put under this category those whom physicians see in their homes and in the hospitals. The vast majority of these have real organic troubles or microbic diseases which produce definite physical symptoms. One-half of the "ambulatory practice" of physicians however is concerned with hysterical patients.

The proportion is about the same among the divorce-seekers. Probably a little more than half of them are hysterically-minded—that is super-suggestible men and women who have gotten on their own nerves. Of course a certain proportion of the others have ample justification for seeking to live apart from an impossible mate. A certain other proportion have personal reasons for seeking divorce—mainly represented by money or passion. The hysterical-minded crave sympathy, want the chance to exercise their overgrown self-pity with some feeling of justification, seek to be in the limelight of publicity, and find a great satisfaction in the feeling which, they presume at least, will be aroused among their friends, acquaintances and the general public when they bring their suit for divorce. They would like to have all the world know how much they have had to suffer and they are even willing to go through the ugly publicity of the divorce court in order to end it all.

Many of these are childless women, who have no serious interest of any kind in life. They have their breakfast in bed, read a novel or a magazine and doze on toward noon—they have lunch with a friend—play bridge or go to the theatre in the afternoon, occasionally to a lecture or a play—dine with their husbands and attend some social event in the evening. Is it any wonder that they get on their own nerves and make themselves supremely miserable? If their husbands have any serious interest or business that keeps them tied down to one place, the wives cannot be expected to share that or be limited in their activities, so the excuse for a divorce procedure with its opportunity to focus attention on themselves is rather readily found. Husbands, indeed, are often perfectly willing to do almost anything to be rid of them or afford them the grounds for a divorce.

We are engaged in cultivating the neurotic super-suggestible temperament. The great idea is to develop one's individuality and not think about other people. There is a quasi-medical philosophy which declares that self-repression, and especially the repression of sex impulses, leads to the neuroses. There never was a time however when there was so little self-repression in this matter as at present, and there never was a time of so many neuroses. Sex plays, sex novels, sex stories in the magazines and newspapers are making the rising generation super-suggestible to a very high degree, and extremely hysterical-minded. Uncle Henry said not long ago—"It is now generally understood that the world was made in sex days, and that what Job suffered from was not boils but sex repression." As you sow, so shall you reap—and we have been sowing individualistic tendencies and are reaping the whirlwind of utter neglect of the altruistic feelings that are the basis of the only genuine happiness in life.

We need more training in the doing of hard things. As Professor Conklin of Princeton said in his book, Heredity and Environment—"Many schools and colleges are making the same mistake as fond parents; luxury, soft living, irresponsibility, are not only allowed but are encouraged and endowed—and by such means it is hoped to bring out that in man which can only be born in travail." He adds—"In these days when individuals are demanding more and more freedom, it is well to recall that 'the best use that man has made of his freedom has been to place limitations upon it.'"

Bringing up children without discipline leaves them the prey of their feelings later in life, makes them victims of hysteria, and then—Heaven help the people who have to associate with them! Divorce and hysteria will go on increasing until we have put discipline back into life again. Meantime we shall have more suffering from them than from all surgical diseases put together.

The Poor of Christ

"The poor have the gospel preached to them."

Not to the rich—though even they may come,
Squeezed somehow through the needle's tiny eye—
But to the hopeless poor a hope: "Draws nigh
The Kingdom! To the abject, blind and dumb!
The cripple and the leper find a home
Beneath the wide compassion of the sky!"
Yet still the sullen poor must moil and die
Waiting the Kingdom that delays to come.

Still, portly Dives and the Pharisees
Possess the chief seats in the synagogues,
And on their comfortable cushions sit
To hear a soothing gospel at their ease—
Nor think of starving Lazarus and the dog's
Tongue on his ulcers, and what came of it!

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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I DON'T UNDERSTAND

By R. D. TURNBULL

"YES, the changes have been very great," said the old man. "After fifty years on a desert island, I rather expected to find great material changes when I got back to civilization, things like skyscrapers and automobiles, you know, although they were unheard of in 1875—dear, dear, how long ago that seems!—when I was shipwrecked. But the biggest changes are, in these—it seems to me."

Here he waved his hand toward the piles of modern novels and plays, essays, magazines, and a number of weekly reviews, that were scattered about his room. Evidently he had been endeavoring, since his rescue from the island, to catch up with the trend of modern ideas, but without much apparent success. His eyes were puzzled and his grey brows wrinkled as he looked over the weekly review in his hand.

"I don't understand," he said at length. "Things seem so complex nowadays. Before I was cast away, when I was a young man, I used to call myself a 'Liberal,' but now—well, all these magazines and weekly papers talk a great deal about 'Liberals' and 'Liberalism,' but I can't seem to find out what they mean. They still attack Catholicism, I notice, but they seem to me to have grown more muddled even, than in their statements of their own belief.

"When I was young, all we Liberals used to be keen for reason and free will, and we used to have a grand time slamming into the Catholic Church because we thought she was opposed to both. But now, it seems, very modern Liberals declare there are no such things as reason and free will—that our lives and actions are determined solely by heredity and environment—and they attack the Catholic Church because she still insists that reason and free will are fundamental realities.

"We used to appeal to science to set us free from the old dogmas of the Church, and now I find a muddled, hysterical 'science-worship' being elevated into the state religion, with a rapidly developing code of 'scientific' behavior, a dogmatic system of theology, and a police force to impose her dogmas upon sceptics and infidels. We used to think that the more 'science' we had the more liberty we would have. But now leading Liberals warn us that the scientific state of the future will be based on simple slavery.

"We used to sneer at Catholic countries for being so indifferent to sanitation. Now, I believe, the correct thing in advanced literary circles is to sneer at the Middle-West and its cult of white tiled bathrooms.

"We once denounced confession and faith-healing as mediaeval superstitions, and now I find flourishing sects and whole new religions based on each of these. We thought the 'modern science' of 1875 had done away with the supernatural for good and all. But no! the scientists of today, it seems, are all for creating a new world religion based for the most part on ghosts and fairies!

"I don't understand. Has the world of ideas turned a complete somersault within fifty years, or have I? We old-fashioned Liberals used to be strong for the 'common man,' and thought that if only he had education and the vote we could expect the millennium at once. But now, I am told, the common man has both, with no millennium in sight, and a good many modern Liberals sneer at the majority of their fellow men, calling them 'the herd,' or 'the masses,' or 'morons;' and protest that such subnormally intelligent creatures as 'the rabble' should not be allowed to vote. Or, I might add, to drink, or to smoke, or to marry whom they like, or to have children, if they do marry, without the permission of some 'expert'!

"Fifty years ago we used to cry—'Less government. Give us liberty!' But now the Liberals seem split into two camps, some demanding nothing but government, and others crying for sheer anarchy.

"What a muddle! And all in fifty years. I can remember how we all cheered Bob Ingersoll's glowing picture of the happy mother by her fireside with her husband and all her children about her, and his fierce denunciations of monasteries and convents as gloomy dens full of hysterical fanatics bent on wrecking the sanctity of the home. But the modern Ingersolls seem to hate the home as bitterly as we used to hate convents.

"I don't understand," repeated the old man. "We used to attack Christian theology because we thought it hampered the practice of Christian charity, but we took it for granted that the Christian ethic was an unshakable Rock of Ages. But now the cry is—'Down with sentimental Christian ethics. Away with mediaeval morality!'—while every high-school boy seems busy making up a brand new theology for himself.

"We said—'Let us have no more of sacraments They are a superstition.' But our very children ai beginning to complain of spiritual starvation. We denounced vestments and incense and ritual as barbaric relics of paganism. And now our children, complaining the while of emotional starvation, laud paganism.

"We used to sneer gloriously at the spectacle of a score or more of different denominations each claiming to be the 'Christian Church,' and denouncing and anathematizing all the others. But now even atheism has grown sectarian, and a fresh school of 'Liberalism' seems to spring up with every new moon, each denouncing all the others as 'reactionary.'

"I don't understand," said the old man, sadly shaking his head. "Frankly, I don't understand. . . ."

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BURROUGHS—CONVICT AND CONVERT

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs of New Hampshire. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

MR. ROBERT FROST, the poet laureate of Puritan decadence, in his preface to the Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs, suggests that he would "like to have heard his reasons for winding up in the Catholic Church." Certainly no stranger or more unlikely convert ever sought the shelter of the ancient fold than the old coiner who died at Three Rivers, in the Province of Quebec, in 1840, "a humble penitent" in the words of his latest editor, and "seeking forgiveness for the offenses of a long life of sin." When he died, a patriarch of seventy-six, with his children happy and in honored civil life, and with his youngest daughter Superioress of the Ursulines in Quebec, Stephen was probably ignorant of the legends that had grown up around his personality in New England, or how little his memoirs, first published at Albany in 1811, had availed to disperse them. Counterfeiter, horse-stealer, prison-breaker who had sold his soul to the devil and whom, consequently, no bars or locks could hold; sham minister who mocked his congregations and preached veiled atheism from the usurped pulpit; corrupter in whose company no woman was safe; refugee who had attained "high ecclesiastical rank" across the border and was peddling pardons and indulgences as he had once circulated pewter dollars and forged greenbacks —such was Stephen Burroughs in New England annals, and such he remained till time covered his name with its effacements. The present reprint of his autobiography, published by the Dial Press, and with a foreword by Mr. Robert Frost, its re-discoverer, restores him at least to conceivable flesh and blood. From what is at one and the same time a confession and an apologia, and through a fog of bombast and sham sentiment, emerges the figure of a man whom one feels would only have had to be rightly directed to have approached some degree of greatness, and who was punished savagely, less because he was dangerous than because he was different.

He was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1766, the son of the Reverend Eden Burroughs, a Yale graduate in divinity of 1756, and one of the trustees of Dartmouth College. New Hampshire and its neighbor, Vermont have bred a race of stark fighters and patriots, and young Burroughs ran true to type. At fifteen, being big and strong for his years, he tried three times to enlist in an artillery company that was passing through Hanover on its way to the last battles of the Revolution. At seventeen, he used a smattering of college Latin to ship as surgeon on board a packet bound for France with letters of marque, armed with eighteen carronades, of which ten were wooden dummies. Off Fort Belleisle, near Nantes a lugger from Jersey, flying British colors, grappled the packet, and one of those desperate fights ensued which were the growing pains of the infant American navy. There is no need to go behind Burroughs's account of his own part in the affair, especially as his skipper, who was far from friendly, later certified his history of the voyage as accurate. "The captain and myself had fired all the small arms that were loaded. The commander of the lugger kept bellowing from his quarter deck that if we did not strike he would give us no quarter. I took a blunderbuss, which remained loaded, and taking aim very leisurely at the mouth of his trumpet, let fly. I believe this did his business. . . ."

Two and a half abortive years at Dartmouth University had preceded Stephen's naval career, filled with such escapades as "stealing water-melons, robbing hen-roosts, geese-houses, etc. and playing tricks upon the inhabitants' cows and horses." Far more dangerous to Burroughs's future was a fatal "sense of the ludicrous," especially when masked by pomposity and gravity. The hapless lad had no idea of the poison a wound to personal vanity will generate. A grotesque cleric named Ripley, whom he tempted to offer prayer at his bedside by feigning deadly sickness, dogged his tormentor to the last day of his life in the United States. For his impersonation of a minister at Pelham, Massachusetts, where the clever rogue delivered what was really an adroit parody of the old-time evangelical sermon, with its far-fetched exegesis and shoddy symbolism, Stephen was never forgiven. Years after, when trying to rehabilitate himself in communities inclined to overlook his career as coiner and his prison record, this charge swept all his plans awry. Beside the counterfeit sermon, counterfeit money was a venial matter.

Burroughs's own account of what passed in Pelham before his arrest on the charge of passing two base dollars, is obscure and disingenuous. He claims that he was introduced to an alleged "transmuter," who, by means of a trick made him believe that copper might be made to return a certain proportion of silver through the chemical action of a "secret powder." Stephen's education, his future career, and most of all, his connection with Glazier Wheeler, a notorious forger, point to coining pure and simple as the aim.

Sentenced to a three years' prison term, his repeated attempts to break jail are by far the most dramatic portion of his narrative. By virtue of them he takes his place with Casanova, Jack Sheppard,

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Baron Trenck and Latude, in a separate sub-department of history that might be called the Literature of Escape. The first attempt, made at the Northampton jail, failed through the sudden giving out of the light by which Burroughs and an accomplice were working, and after a desperate attempt to burn his prison and escape in the confusion, Stephen was heavily ironed. A second attempt, made with a confederate, had all but succeeded and the pair were tunneling through the frozen earth to liberty when the imprudence of his companion caused their discovery. For this attempt Burroughs was savagely flogged, and, —a thing that seems incredible—left altogether without food to break his spirit. After the fifteenth day, he tells us, his sufferings ceased. About this time, it is true, it was "currently reported that the devil assisted me in my attempts to break jail"—so perhaps it was believed the devil would feed him too.

The most spectacular breaks took place at Castle Island, outside Boston, to which the prisoners were moved from Northampton in the spring to serve out their time. Confinement here was less rigorous, the authorities relying on the isolation of the island and the numerous sentries furnished by a small garrison. Using geometrical measurements, for which he says he contrived his own instruments, Burroughs ascertained that at one point in the fireplace a hole could be cut into a covered way which escaped the view of the guard. The passage was reached after "two months of unceasing assiduity," and the get-away planned for a rainy night, when the sentry would be in his box. At the start everything worked according to schedule. Burroughs divided his party into two sections. While one was attracting the notice of the sentry at the island's one landing, where a skiff was kept moored, Stephen himself leapt upon the soldier, throttled him, seized his musket and flung him into the bottom of the boat. At Dorchester Point, the mainland was reached, and the party hid in a haymow. It is noteworthy that Burroughs, even at peril of life and liberty, insisted that the sentry's life should be spared when his comrades were for knocking the man over the head and throwing him into the sea.

Carelessness and treachery once more brought about the re-arrest of the gang with freedom in their grasp, but Burroughs's spirit was not broken. His next scheme is staggering in its audacity, and makes one surmise what his name might stand for had he been born ten years earlier. The plan, if he is to be believed, was nothing less than to disarm the guard by a sudden rush, arm twelve of the most desperate of the prisoners, take possession of the island, and through its batteries gain control for a while, of Boston harbor. It is needless to say the plot miscarried from the start. After the first wild rush, Burroughs found himself the only man in the guard house, with two muskets in his hand, and with the garrison turning out on every side.

No further attempt to escape was made, and Burroughs's life after his discharge from prison is an anti-climax whose peripatetics are painful to follow. Of all possible means of livelihood he chose teaching, the one in which he would be most at the mercy of narrow and suspicious minds, and where his record, as soon as some enemy chose to bring it to light, would be most fatal. Of such enemies he always had plenty, and busied himself making more. He was swollen with the pride of intellect, over-conscious of the talents he had misused, and forever "spoiling for a fight." Modern psychoanalysis would bring to light focal infections of Bovaysm, ego-mania and a marked superiority complex. His answer to a charge of immorality, which he did not deny, though married and a father at the time, was a bombastic speech, in which the world was more or less surveyed from China to Peru, and which put his conviction by a jury of plain men beyond doubt. While a teacher on Long Island, he browbeat the minister over the choice of books for a library, and though he made his point and split the congregation, was driven away in disgrace with his record fastened on him once more. His life after the flight to Canada was mischievously industrious for years. "There being no law in Canada to forbid the counterfeiting of the United States currency, he carried on his business with impunity, flooding the Union with pewter dollars and forged bills." In 1815, four years after the famous memoirs were published and a year before the death of his loyal wife, he became a Catholic and disappears from the gallery of rogues. Two daughters entered the Church with him. The conversion of his son Edward, who became a prominent lawyer and prothonotary to the Court of Common Pleas, was delayed until 1857. A visitor who saw the old man at Three Rivers, a few years before his death, describes him as "a busy student and much employed in writing. His room was hung round with copies or originals of some of the distinguished painters of Christian life and suffering, and everything about him indicated very convincingly the genuineness of his repentance.

Probably the hardest lesson the Church had to teach Stephen was spiritual humility. His character seems to have been a curious compact of craft, egotism and false thinking, shot surprisingly through with intrepi ity and magnanimity. If, as the French assert, "th style is the man," a specimen of Stephen's may serv as a sort of Bertillon measurement. "Midnight and death shall howl their horrible dirges round my bed! Misery and melancholy shall spread their sable veil over every part of my life, and after my exit from this stage of trouble, furies shall shriek."

So Stephen Burroughs takes his place in literature. He is the Micawber of the criminal calendar. We need not be over-ready with our pity. His conversion was a bold bid for a better time in the next world. But a man who can so dramatize misfortune can hardly be considered as having missed all the fun in this.

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ON SEEING CANDIDA

By MARY KOLARS

I FIRST read Candida a dozen years ago, as an undergraduate in college. I swallowed it whole then; and have been, so to speak, re-swallowing it whole at intervals (without any intermediate process of regurgitation) ever since. Whether I have done this of my own accord or at the prompting of a tradition about the play, it is not important at this moment to determine. Certainly the tradition is there asserting with confidence that Candida is Mr. Shaw's wisest and most beautiful piece of writing; that it embodies, with rare realism, a neglected and important truth. So far as I know, there have been no voices seriously dissenting from this opinion. Even the mighty Chesterton, who has brought down so many Shavian balloons, has held off his hand from this one, and speeded it on its way with his special benediction. So, whether I agreed with the tradition, or the tradition only agreed with me, the point is that there has been an enchanted unanimity all around.

With a certain disturbed surprise I record that the unanimity has now been broken by a minority vote of one. It was watching the Actors' Theatre revival of Candida the other day that disillusioned me. By chance I had never seen the play performed before and if I had been confronted by an inferior set of players, I suppose I should have gone away saying—"What a pity they spoiled it!" Actually, the current performance is so admirable that—as far as I am concerned—it shows up the play. I do not deny Candida's interest or its charm. I simply say that it no longer seems to me a beautiful piece of realism. It no longer seems any kind of realism at all. It is a roughly diagrammatic representation of one profound truth at the expense of some shameless theatrical manipulation, some cheap and quite adventitious humor, and two or three profound lies. And my new illumination tells me that that is a good deal to pay for one truth, however profound.

The truth which Candida celebrates (as everyone knows by this time) is the fact that a good wife is really, in part, a mother to her husband. Plainly, if we are talking in terms of realism, it is a truth which requires guardedness and skill in the depiction. A wife's maternal relation to her husband is not something that can be represented ad lib., with no natural check. It does not exist by itself, in the void. It is part of an intimate tissue of human relationships—one item only in a very complex and delicate balance. It is pitted, in the spiritual and domestic equilibrium, against such other indisputable facts as—to name but two—a wife's respect for her husband, and a wife's dependence on her husband. It is confessedly difficult to state this set of crossing and almost hostile relationships with complete truth, especially within the limits of a play. But that, after all, is the playwright's affair. We have a right to expect him to solve the difficulty, once he has fairly broached it. Merely ruling out the two latter truths and surrendering the field to the first truth, will not do. *That* is the sort of artificial simplification we look for in symbolic plays, or in the type of comedy which travels light in order to be more completely, and merely, amusing. In either case it is not realism.

This precisely, is Candida's failure. Its truth is not stated subtly, in its difficult context, but unmitigatedly, with artless, sledge-hammer force. When Candida, vexed by her husband's inability to say what it is that makes him master in his own home, and further challenged by his fears for her material welfare in case she leaves him with her young poet-lover, volunteers to tell him a truth or two about their relationship, what does she say? She explains that throughout their married life, she has been not only his wife, but his mother and sisters, as well; she shows him (with what Mr. Shaw soberly calls "sweet irony") how delectably absurd it is that he should have offered her "his strength for my defense, his industry for my livelihood, his position for my dignity;" she informs him, in climactic summary, that it is *she* who makes him master in his own home. Bear in mind that these words are not uttered by a woman on the point of leaving forever a selfish, non-provident, humorless husband. They are spoken by the ideally contented wife of a successful, hard-working, humane, genial, generous clergyman, somewhat given to oratory, but strong, sound and lovable. They are spoken sheerly by the accident of a provocation which occurs ten minutes before the final curtain; and that curtain shows a conventional happy ending, with the wife in her husband's arms, and nothing altered except that she has just said ("boyishly," according to Mr. Shaw's interpolated direction)—"You are quite right."

Now, is one badly out of order for objecting to this? Granted that every husband is more selfishly dependent on his wife than he knows, that weaknesses within himself, which he does not even dream of, appeal to her protecting instincts, must one go the whole length of Candida? Must one rule out a man's "strength," "industry," and "position" as being of no account whatsoever in the domestic scheme, and see in the ideal wife a mere monster of self-sufficiency? Must one conceive of the typical successful marriage as compounded of utter weakness on the part of the husband, and utter strength on the part of the wife? I reassert, with modest firmness, that I cannot. It is true that a woman is her husband's mother, but not so true as all that.

In the train of this chief falsity come, of necessity, aggravating falsities of characterization. Candida for instance, is made to do some curiously unCandidesque things in order to liberate the theme. She makes tasteless and ungenerous pleasantries about "Prossie's complaint;" she displays downright cruelty in telling her husband, in the midst of a loving little chat, that his sermons are "mere phrases that you cheat yourself and others with every day;" she explains with curious moral insensitiveness, that not her goodness but her love for him keeps her true to him; she is unable to understand what, in these speeches, can have hurt him; she publicly derides him for being hurt. Withal, she suffers less than Morrell. His character is made a sort of catch-all for the various necessities of the play. Upon it devolves the chief strain of keeping Candida at once an idyllic domestic comedy and a vehicle for revelation. He has to provide both the text of Candida's final discourse and its adequate foil. He must be both inwardly pitiable and obviously strong and fine, both hollow and sound, both sham and real; a man with the opaque selfishness to merit his wife's rebuke, and the mingling of saintliness and sportsmanship to take it acquiescingly without being degraded and lessened in himself forever after. Of course Mr. Shaw never once seriously approaches the inner reality of such a conception. What modern dramatist could? Morrell, when he is scrutinized, is found to shape his reactions, not according to the exigencies of a subtly and diversely organized soul, but purely according to the exigencies of the plot. He is keen and honest, or tame and stupid, or pompous and windy exactly as the particular Shavian occasion demands.

I say, "when he is scrutinized." Of course he never *is*

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scrutinized. Mr. Shaw is too slick a showman for that. He has learned the prestidigitator's art of keeping his audience agog and aroar with his incidental clowning, while the dubious part of the main trick is being performed. Candida is full of such irrelevant bedazzlements. We laugh so heartily by the way that when Mr. Shaw says—"Now, all this while, I have been proving thus and so," we remember what a clever person he is, and believe him. And how well he knows what will make us laugh! The tried and tested devices, the tricks grown venerable in the service—these receive honor from him. How amusing it is when Burgess rings the changes on the "mad" motif—"My son-in-law . . . Mad as a Morch 'are" "Mad! Wot! 'im too!" "Wot! Candy mad too!" "Why it must be catchin'! Four in the same 'ouse!" And how comic is Burgess himself! Speculation has been rife in the dramatic correspondence column of one of the Sunday papers, as to Mr. Shaw's reason for fathering such an ineffably perfect woman as Candida with such a coarse-grained vulgarian as Burgess. Surely the reason is plain. He wanted someone who would call the lady typist names, and whom she could call, in return, "a silly old fathead." And how excruciatingly funny we find it when she does! Nor is Mr. Shaw at all squeamish. He will invite our mirth while the bashful young poet talks allusively to the emotion-starved spinster about "your love affairs;" or he will introduce the spinster, in a scene which has no more real bearing on the case in hand than the flowers that bloom in the spring, just swaying and a bit silly under the influence of champagne.

"Shaw always acts so well!" I remember hearing an elder of mine say this, in thoughtful surprise, long ago. Well, he ought to. There is very little in the accumulated heap of theatrical wisdom which he has neglected.

COMMUNICATIONS

PROTESTANTS AND BIRTH CONTROL

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Permit me to quote from the article of the Reverend Vincent McNabb, O.P., who wrote on the Catholic Church and Birth Control in The Commonweal for February 18.

"The conditions of Christian marriage are that the marriage act shall be used for begetting children. If a man and a woman intend to seek sterile veneral satisfaction with the help of chemical or mechanical appliances, this is not marriage. It is a form of harlotry, which keeps the old Christian name of marriage.

"Moreover, this neo-Malthusian union is not the marriage act; but a scientific form of self-abuse. This is plain English, the common sense of it."

A little farther on, he says—"If by allowing neo-Malthusianism the Church allowed masturbation within marriage, it could not forbid it outside marriage. Or, again, if child-birth being dangerous the husband was allowed to procure veneral satisfaction by artificial means with his wife, it would be impossible to condemn him for seeking the same satisfaction by natural means with a woman not his wife."

This argument is, it seems to me, impossible to overcome on any grounds. I should like to know what the members of the Birth Control League would have to offer to refute it. It is morally, legally, spiritually, and economically sound, and it is the only kind of birth control that is approved in the Bible; other methods are specifically condemned, the most popular by direct intervention of Divine Power.

In this one matter, at least, I am, as a sincere and life-long Protestant, very glad, indeed, that there need be no division in the ranks of the Christian church. If the birth control advocates take issue with the sentiments quoted, I feel very sure that they will find a very large proportion of members of the various Protestant communions lined up against them, and many of them aggressively against them.

RAYMOND G. LYMAN.

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

Winona, Minn.

TO the Editor:—Champions of the Child Labor Amendment will do well to bear in mind the plain fact that opponents of this legislation are honest persons, as appreciative as any other of the sunlight that should flood childhood, and by no means the apologists of the sweatshop that they are so glibly accused of being. They simply are people who insist upon applying intellectual judgment to matters of state even when a wave of sentimentalism flows over them. So long as this cool judgment continues to function, you cannot convince them of the advisability of voting a blanket power to the federal government with the illogical argument that Congress will not, in any case, employ the full measure of this power. If they continue to insist that the authority thus surrendered be carefully delimited, is anathema to be hurled at them?

Likewise the accusation of unprogressiveness, so regularly launched against those who hold out against a specific change, is not likely to bear much weight. The new is not necessarily good, nor is feverish activity necessarily progress. To friends of really representative government, responsive to local constituencies and their needs, to cherishers of the Constitution as the sacred body of fundamental law, arguments must be born of intellectual force, not of sentiment.

When the right kind of anti-sweatshop legislation is offered to the present opponents of the newest amendment, these same will bear a full share of the fight—in fact, there will be no fight.

J. W. HAUN.

IN DEFENSE OF STARK YOUNG

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Elmer Kenyon, in his article, Police Power and the Stage, has every right to essay his own opinion on censorship and to contend that Mr. Stark Young is wrong in his—but why should he make it the occasion of depreciating the latter's abilities as a writer and critic simply because he differs with Mr. Young's ideas of morality on the stage? I, for one, believe that Mr. Young's expression and thinking is the most distinguished now appearing in the daily press, and no one who witnessed that beautiful and stirring play, The Saint, can accuse him of being shallow.

E. W. CASH.

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POEMS

The Silent Pilgrim

"Thus saith Ibn-Alahmar: Let the very stones carry thy petitions."

"Hear me, O pilgrim on the Mecca road—
I am the stone whereon a slave bestowed
His prayerful message for that blest abode;

Thou hast the hands to guide thee on the way,
The feet to bear, the lips wherewith to pray—
Lift me a space—Great Allah will repay!

For thus the Signet Ring hath ratified:
'He who shall helpful hands and feet provide
The pilgrim stones—in naught shall be denied.'

So when at last I reach the silver door
And lie among the sacred heaps of yore,
I'll speak for thee though thou shouldst speak no more."

Then from his camel down the Bedouin came
And raised the stone and kissed it without shame
And murmured—Allah! blessed be His name!

Then rose and all the night in silence went
Until the dawn unclasped her silken tent
Beyond the minarets of wonderment.

THOMAS WALSH.

Absalom

Now the gay prince is dead; his golden hair
Lies like a silken cover o'er a bed
Made beautiful for worms. The prince is dead—
And the high, jewelled crown he loved to wear
Is fallen in the dust, and from his hands
The shining sword has slipped. He boasts no more
Of the bright suit of armor that he wore
When he rode forth to conquer alien lands.

Come, maidens, here beneath this heap of stones,
A handsome prince lies in a dreamless sleep;
Clasp your young hands and, in sweet pity, weep
For fair, decaying flesh and crumbling bones.
David will bless each lovely grieving one
Who mourns the fate of his belovéd son.

HELENE MULLINS.

Gold Fish

Through this blue crystal, mirroring still motion,
These subtle circlings feed my hungry eyes;
Here there is living color chained to silence,
Where peace, unborn of passion, never dies...

Symbols of turning worlds in patterned prisms,
The finny creatures trace each golden sweep,
While moments, like hushed monuments, raise voices,
In motion that is sculpture-stone of sleep.

J. CORSON MILLER.

Self-Portrait

This mind that seeks for that dark wine
That Stephen drank and for the spine
That pierces to the secret heart
Is but the wall that holds apart
The empty altar-place wherein
Is caged the shadow of chagrin.

Ferocious and unreconciled
He stalks the hollow pavement, wild
With torment of unbidden bars
That hide and yet reveal the stars,
And night and day and yet again
His hollow roaring shakes the brain.

O burning fires that char away
Too eager knowledge of the day,
O bitter cup whose dark brew might
Destroy the demons of the night,
Behind my silence find me out
With fagot-flame and whistling knout!

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

Sonnet

Ever we yearn, ever toward what is far.
Here is this beauty quiet at our feet—
Green grass grown grey, and greying sands that greet
The listless lapping waves that ashen are,
While with the promise of night one winking star
Whimsily mocks the melancholy-sweet
Sad smile of day departing, but not fleet,
Breathing a mist of kisses on wave and shore—

Yet our desires unquietly awake,
And hurry forth on wings that shatter our peace,
And hover where those lights alluring are
That in the distance over the waters make
Vague promises. Ah, never may we cease
From this old longing for fair things afar.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Rescue

Just at the moment when the dry earth bowed
In drought and felt its burning heart would burst,
You sent the faery slave of your first cloud
With a grey jar of rain to quench its thirst.

Just at the moment when my heart with pain
Of too long silence thought its dreams would die,
You sent the faery minstrel of your rain
To flood it with the music of the sky.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Ariadne

THE author of that delightful cobweb, Mr. Pim Passes By, has given us another slight and amusing comedy in Ariadne, the story of a wife who decides to punish her husband for having placed business ahead of all other interests and duties, including his courtesy toward herself. I use the word "slight" because Mr. Milne has so delicate a touch that his human insight and his penetrating philosophy slip across the footlights almost unobserved on the wings of swift action and bubbling phrases. But he leaves you with plenty of material to meditate upon. Ariadne is slight in the same sense that the Eifel Tower is slight in comparison with the Woolworth Building. Yet the view from one is quite as stimulating as from the other.

Ariadne Winter finds that her husband wishes her to remain courteous and agreeable to one Horace Meldrum, in spite of the fact that the smirking Horace has already, and to John Winter's knowledge, made improper advances to her. The reason is the rather simple one that Horace is John Winter's richest client. Ariadne happens to believe that her honor should come before business in John's view of life. Finding verbal argument of no use whatever, she tries that other form of argument known as practical action. She pretends to accept Horace's attentions, arranges to meet him for lunch in London, and then leaves a note for John saying that she and Horace "are going into the unknown together." The "unknown" happens to be nothing more serious than an Italian restaurant, but the guilty conscience of John reads it quite otherwise. Before she is through with him, John's business complex becomes so deflated that he actually acquires the courage to order Horace from the house. That is all Ariadne wants.

Laura Hope Crews, after an earlier adventure this season in a most disagreeable play, brings to this rollicking bit all the charm, effervescence, wit and finish of which she is past mistress. Lee Baker gives to John much the same interest that Pedro de Cordoba reads into the Reverend James Morell in Candida. The parts are at bottom quite similar. Harry Mestayer's Horace is a fatuous delight. A word should also be added for the one-act curtain raiser which the Theatre Guild offers on the same bill. The Flattering Word, by the author of the Show-Off, is a harmless and clever bit directed against those stark natures to whom the theatre is a work of the evil one—at least until some one applies the flattering word. This word runs about as follows—"Why have you never gone on the stage? With your talent you really should, you know!" Such a word melts mountains!

Starlight

IF you like the episode play, and if you like a very uneven and jerky quality in the episodes, and if you are willing to imagine that the personality of Aurelie in Starlight is largely based on the characteristics of Sarah Bernhardt, you will find a moderate interest in this latest vehicle for Doris Keane's talents.

This medley of scenes (ten and an epilogue) is by Gladys Unger, based on Abel Hermant's dialogues. Abel Hermant is a mild and dapper little Frenchman whose conversation leaves you considerably uninspired, and the material furnished by his dialogues apparently enjoys the same qualities as the man. There is a certain superficial cleverness, a tendency to parade the moral weaknesses of a great artist as if they were almost virtues, and a sense of artificial climax—and that is about all. Perhaps the fault is Gladys Unger's. The point is unimportant. We are concerned chiefly with the finished result, which is seriously disappointing, given the opportunity presented.

In the eleven scenes, we follow the career of Aurelie from a gamine of Montmarte in 1865 to the aged queen of the French theatre, owning her own playhouse, in 1924. Miss Keane employs a make-up so distinctly resembling Bernhardt that it is not difficult to surmise her inspiration for Aurelie. The subject matter of the episodes themselves, however, is for the most pure fiction. Aurelie's career is pretty much one deception after another, moving on from a humble lover to a manager husband, divorced in turn for a marquis, who dies in good time for Aurelie eventually to marry her first lover, who is also the real father of her son. During all these turns of fortune, her real love is her public, and her one crime (that is, according to the breezy philosophy of the author or authors) is the temporary sacrifice of her public during her period as a marquise, when she allows social ambitions to obliterate the sincerity of her art. Her "retribution" for this crime is an enforced exile in South America, during which she regains her fame, acquires the art of tragic acting and a fortune. Presumably because she is a genius, she need account to no one, not even to herself, for her other irregularities. They become simply the basis for comedy.

In other words (and how differently things can look in other words!), Aurelie is a thoroughly immoral woman, as much an actress in her private as her public life. Of her possible inner struggles no hint is given. Her life is measured by two things only, her outward success and her outward display of genius. Needless to say, this does not correspond to the realities of life, where hidden torment is the almost invariable accompaniment of broken honor. In the entire medley, I found only two things of real importance—the first being the moment when Aurelie's public turns on her after her marriage to the marquis has dulled her artistic sincerity; and the second, the final scene when the aged woman, through sheer force of will, makes her broken body resume its majesty as she steps before the footlights. Many of the other episodes descended to the level of slapstick, and others were simply crude theatricality. There is very little in the play that is fine or inspiring, and a great deal that is simply dull and wrong-minded. Even among episode plays, it is one that considerably lowers the standard. And Doris Keane's acting is not very interesting until the last three or four scenes. If I am not mistaken, the play will expire very nearly as soon as it deserves to.

White Collars

HERE is a comedy of very mixed qualities. It has pungency, humor, a lot of keen philosophy and a few near-tears. The movement is uneven, but on the whole well sustained. The play suffers, however, from the same fault which marred so many of those sociological plays of a decade or more ago. It preaches.

It is a sad thing to see a clever playwright afflicted by an acute attack of theme. He (or in this case she) becomes the slave of his main idea. He is so fearful of obscuring it that he allows it to become a mammoth puppet manager, pulling

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plot, characters and dialogue out of their true proportions. The author of White Collars has allowed her theme to run away with her. She is so intent on bringing out the trials of the white-collar class that she forces the dialogue and delays the action in order to let the characters explain their point of view to the audience.

In many plays this would be fatal. But with White Collars it becomes only a minor fault, thanks to the overbalancing good qualities of the piece. You become very definitely interested in this story of a young millionaire who marries his secretary and then tries the experiment of living with her family. He is a good sort. You like him and you like the girl's family, too—even the loquacious and pugnacious "Cousin Henry," who is the mouth-piece for white-collar woes. And the more you like them all, the more clearly you see the gulf that separates them. You welcome every word of understanding that bridges that gulf. You see both sides (which is not always true of "plays with a purpose") and if the final solution worked out by the millionaire himself is a bit far-fetched, it is still good comedy.

She Had to Know

IF a woman and an exemplary wife finds that she is that rare creature whom other men respect so sincerely that they do not make love to her, should the discovery so upset her life that she cannot be happy until she learns whether she has the same "appeal" as a certain divorcée friend of hers, with the morals of a street-walker? Beneath all the surface delicacy this is the real theme of She Had to Know.

Suppose we state a similar theme in another sphere. A business man of sterling integrity finds that men never approach him with questionable propositions for getting rich quick. He misinterprets this by thinking that they do not consider him "a good fellow."

There will always be persons more anxious to discover how much they have in common with the ape than how much they are better than the ape. It is a definite form of inverted morality—a form of morbid interest in degeneracy. Miss George's play is this and no more—sugared with comedy and her own personality.

When Choosing Your Plays

Candida—Splendid acting.
Cape Smoke—A well-acted melodrama of the African Veldt.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
Loggerheads—A delightful tragi-comedy of Irish life.
Michel Auclair—A delightful drama of French provincial life, poetic and beautifully acted.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Quarantine—An unwholesome comedy.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
The Dark Angel—A play of atonement and self-sacrifice.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

The Church and Science, by Sir Bertram C. A. Windle. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

THIS is a revised edition of a work originally published in 1917, which is still a recent date, but so many have been the changes since then in the matters of which the work treats that it had to be overhauled and in parts rewritten. Its forty chapters give a comprehensive view of the state of scientific opinion in those fields which bear upon religious belief—mainly physics and biology—by one who is a recognized authority in the scientific world. Only a thorough master of the subject could have produced a work of this character.

The impression has been widely diffused that scientific research has reached conclusions which establish entirely different views of man and his relations to the universe from those held by the Church, and that as a result there is now settled opposition between scientific knowledge and religious belief. Notions of this character have assumed the definiteness of a dogma with those whose ideas of science and theology are derived from the casual information of popular literature. As they view the case, there are on the one side, the certainties established by scientific research, and on the other a mass of uncritical opinion and traditional sentiment coming down from times when exact and trustworthy methods for examining phenomena did not exist. As a matter of fact, whatever may have been the blunders and inaccuracies of the past, there has never been any quite so great as this idea of the situation.

A circumstance which powerfully reinforces the popular disposition to take on trust anything put forward in the name of science is the immense success which has attended scientific effort to control the forces of nature. Pursuits of a character that have brought into use electric lighting, the telephone, the phonograph, the flying machine and wireless telegraphy; that have supplied means by which the fertility of the soil may be greatly increased, and its yield improved in character and extended in its uses; that have subdued plagues which used to ravage human life on a tremendous scale, and have made safely habitable regions which used to be known as deadly—such things as these, which are matters of familiar knowledge, strongly dispose popular thought to put science above all other sources of information in credit and authority, and there is a prevalent notion that the theories put forward by scientists to account for phenomena are to be accepted as definite and conclusive. The truth of the matter is quite different. To those who have first hand knowledge of the situation what is most impressive about it is that science should have shown itself capable of such great gains in power with such small gains in knowledge. Almost every new discovery with respect to the constitution of nature shatters the existing theories and compels the formation of new ones, which too will be eventually discarded. In the number of Science for February 27, one of the experts of the United States Bureau of Standards sums up the situation as follows:

"Where, then, has the progress of three centuries in physical science brought us? Of the many distinct concepts of the eighteenth century, not one is left. The sole concept of modern physics—energy—was not known in the eighteenth century, and this concept is above all things immaterial. The theoretical structure of our science is left without material means of support. The twentieth century so far is a century

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of bewilderment. But it is young yet; may we not call it the century of hope? Who knows whither it will lead us?"

One direction in which it is leading the scientific world is to acknowledgment that possibilities exist of power and causation which cannot be included in scientific categories based upon the ordinary range of human perception. There are many evidences of this tendency in the present movement of serious thought. It is remarked upon as follows in the New York Times Literary Supplement for March 5:

"The scientific outlook, which is what is chiefly responsible for our vague sense of the probable, has changed so much in recent years that the universe may now be admitted to be mysterious, to hold within it possibilities that were formerly denied."

Although there is a voluminous output of scientific literature, it is difficult for the general reader to get any clear ideas as to the actual state of scientific opinion. Scientific writers ordinarily use the dialect of their specialty, and their speculations are often so abstruse that it requires expertness in their technique to know just what they are talking about. And to be entirely frank, it must be said that at times one gets a pretty strong impression in reading scientific articles that the writers themselves do not more than half know what they are talking about, and are concealing their ignorance by clouds of verbiage—what Bernard Shaw recently characterized as "pseudo-scientific gammon." There is then a real need for competent interpretation of what is going on in the scientific world, and the work now under consideration meets that need better than any other that has appeared. The statement may seem to be rather strong, but it is based upon an extensive knowledge of the literary output in this field.

It must be admitted that the title, although quite opposite to the nature of the work, may act upon some minds as a suggestion that it is merely a concordist effort. In fact, one man to whom the work was recommended rejected it with the remark that he preferred to take his science neat, and if he should ever want a dose of theology he would take that neat also. Doubtless there are many who feel the same way, but they should consider that theology and physical science have relationships and that these relationships are just as properly matter for investigation as any other class of facts. It is therefore evidence of intellectual weakness if the theme itself should be allowed to repel attention. All that really counts is whether the treatment of it can be depended upon for its candor, accuracy, thoroughness and intelligibility. Sir Bertram Windle's work possesses all these qualities in their fullest extent. It gives a clear, exact, detailed and comprehensive account of scientific theories with regard to the constitution of the universe, the genesis of life, and the formation of species, together with their bearings upon philosophy and religion, without any attempt to conceal incongruities or to dodge difficulties. Probably no scientific term is more often used in these times than the term "evolution," and yet most people have only a vague idea of what it means. The account given of it in this work is so comprehensive that it almost amounts to a conspectus of the literature of the subject, all the various theories of process covered by the term being presented fairly and fully. This is indisputably a service of great value in aid of intelligent appreciation of the great philosophical problems of our times, whose effects are being felt in every direction whatever be the field—politics, sociology or religion.

The work covers such a broad field that it is scarcely feasible to notice particulars, but probably it makes its deepest impression by the evidence it supplies of the extreme mutability of all scientific theory. The point is not emphasized in the work but it becomes glaringly manifest through its recitals of fact. Indeed, so great is this mutability that although since it was first published this work has been twice revised to bring it up to date, it misses some revolutionary changes in scientific opinion. Until quite recently a point on which there seemed to be general agreement was that the earth was originally a molten mass which became what it is now by gradual cooling and consolidation. But that too is now questioned. The old nebular theory is being displaced by the planitesimal theory which does not call for an originally molten mass, and the solar system instead of being the product of normal evolutionary process is now held to be the result of a cataclysm. The reader may find some account of this theory in the February number of Nineteenth Century and After, in an article by Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal. In brief, it is that the near approach of a giant star tore our sun to pieces, so that what we see now is only a remnant of the original mass, and out of the scattered material the planets were formed by a process of aggregation.

It is not the business of the Church to carry on scientific work, but incidentally its activities have elicited many contributions to science. In the matters of which he treats, Sir Bertram Windle has had frequent occasion to note them. In addition to those he instances it may be mentioned that the most important work now going on in the field of ethnology is carried on by Catholic scholars. Catholic missions are incidentally a systematic exploration of the whole world. To garner for scientific use the knowledge thus obtained, the Reverend William Schmidt some twenty years ago established a periodical entitled Anthropos, an international journal of ethnology and linguistics. Catholic missionaries settle down among the people with whom they labor, and get into close relations with them. Thus they have superior opportunities for collecting data pertaining to the life, speech, culture, and mythology of primitive races. It is the special function of Anthropos to give direction and scientific precision to their researches and to publish the results. The enterprise has been so successful that it has obtained widespread recognition in the scientific world, and Anthropos now ranks as a high authority in its field.

HENRY JONES FORD.

Experiences in Spiritualism with D. D. Home, by the Earl of Dunraven. Glasgow: Robert Maclehose and Company.

THIS book consists of reports by Lord Adare, now the Earl of Dunraven, on séances given by Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home between the years 1867 and 1870. In the latter year these reports were printed for private distribution by the late Earl of Dunraven, but they make their first public appearance in the present volume.

The phenomena as reported were mainly of the so-called physical class, covering a wide range of occurrences such as movements of objects, raps and other noises, playing of musical instruments, handling of red hot coals with immunity, production and disappearance of substances, elongation and levitation of Mr. Home, and so forth. The raps often served as a means of alleged communication from spirits; at other times Mr. Home, while professedly in a "trance," would be "inspired" by some spirit and appear to serve as its mouthpiece.

The "messages" thus conveyed were frequently of a religious

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tenor—for the most part commonplace and sentimental; occasionally they were concerned with the affairs of the sitters or their acquaintances, as when those present were told that a certain lady had wax in her ears, or when two sitters were directed to "magnetize" some water of which Lord Adare was to take two wine-glasses a day as a cure for ills from which he was suffering.

On reading these "messages" one is impressed with their triviality. Considering them from one viewpoint, one wonders why spirits should go to all the trouble which the production of messages avowedly costs them, only to convey such twaddle. From another point of view one asks why any normal, thinking being should connect the source of these utterances with a spirit world. What would Mr. Barnum say?

In an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, and in the more conservative introductory remarks by the late Earl of Dunraven, the contents of the volume are presented to the public as evidential of spirit intercourse in this world, or at least of operation of forces with which we are not acquainted. A study of Home's career, of which this book presents a typical cross section, may help in forming judgment in the matter.

Daniel Dunglas Home, or Hume, was born in a small town in the United States. At an early age he came in contact with the spiritistic movement. He soon appeared as a medium and received the protection of influential spiritists who, when satisfied with his ability, equipped him for a journey to Europe. He arrived in England in 1855, about the time of the advent of other American mediums there. The cult of spiritism was quickly taken up in that country; Home soon became famous and received invitations to hold séances in the homes of the nobility. This milieu seemed to agree thoroughly with the tastes of the young American, who by his "spiritual" appearance and his pleasant personality and manners soon made himself a favorite—the more since he was reputed consistently to refuse a monetary fee for his presentations, apparently contenting himself with the reward which the hospitality and social acceptance of his new, aristocratic protectors afforded.

His fame at length spread to the continent, whither, true knight of fortune, he followed it, holding séances before the élite of many nations. In Russia he performed before the Czar and imperial court, and brought from that country a well-born and well-to-do bride. In Rome he became a Catholic, and for a time gave up his mediumship—but unable to resist the tempting invitation to give séances before Napoleon III and his court, he soon returned to his old practices. For years he basked in the sunshine of social prestige until, as has happened to other favorites, his admirers found new fads. The end of his career was as sad as its height had been brilliant, and left him to struggle through years of poverty and comparative obscurity.

Even at the zenith of his fame he must have tasted the cup of bitterness. The story goes that he was banished from the French court when a gentleman present at one of his séances discovered fraud in his performance and reported it to the Emperor. Browning, who had come in contact with Home, at length expressed a none too flattering opinion of his marvels in a poem entitled Mr. Sludge, the Medium. A certain Mr. Merrifield, in a letter written in 1855 and published much later, contended that Home at a séance had materialized "spirit hands" by dressing his hands and feet in appropriate flannels and waving them above the edge of the séance table.

Be these things as they may, in the light of present-day knowledge, Home's séances cannot be held evidential. First of all, the general circumstances of the séances favored the possibility of legerdemain. Home was a non-professional medium in so far as he did not exact a fee, but appeared to perform for the benefit or entertainment of his friends. This would necessarily lessen the suspicion of his sitters, and even place the bar of discourtesy on them for taking precautions to prevent fraud. Even if a spectator had discovered fraud, he would ordinarily hesitate to bring charges against an honored guest.

Moreover, as has been mentioned, Home was allowed to operate under his own conditions—none of the test conditions, which in the case of later investigations of physical mediums have proven indispensable for protection against fraud, ever being applied or even approximated. None familiar with the investigations of Eusapia Palladino, especially those of the Cambridge and New York sittings—with Dr. von Kemnitz's revelations anent Baron Schrenck von Notzig's "experiments" with Ewa C.—or with Dr. Coover's experiences with a trumpet medium, will fail to appreciate this point.

Finally, most of Home's phenomena have been reproduced frequently by stage performers under more trying conditions than were ever applied to Home. All his phenomena are readily explained by known methods of legerdemain. (See Podmore's Modern Spiritualism.)

Home was subjected only to one so-called scientific investigation; it was conducted by Sir William Crookes. However, only a few phenomena out of Home's ample repertoire were put to an organized test. For the most part, Sir William contented himself with his own observation of the phenomena in dim light, which method has over and over again proven inadequate; and even in the few instances in which apparatus was employed, the conditions described by the scientist did not necessarily exclude known methods of trickery. The results must therefore be considered at least doubtful. This matter, however, may seem beyond our survey, since the book under review does not contain an account of Sir William's "experiments," nevertheless the results of these experiments necessarily reflect on all Home's phenomena.

While Lord Dunraven's volume cannot be said to shed new light on the actual nature of the physical phenomena of spiritism, yet it is a most valuable contribution to the history of spiritism, and indeed to the cultural history of the epoch it represents. It shows what is liable, if not inevitable, to follow when religion grows stale and out of touch with life, when philosophy is decadent and important classes of society are devoid of healthful interests.

J. Liljencrants.

Memoirs of an Editor, by Edward P. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

THAT this book makes delightful reading will surprise no one who has had either the advantage of Mr. Mitchell's friendship or the pleasure of association with him in work. The author has the rare gift of putting into print the same raciness of spirit and the same ease of style that lend charm to conversation. He runs through the whole gamut of interests from grave to gay; all sorts of people flash upon the page; a wonderful variety of incidents animates the lines with their smooth rapid movement; scenes take form and color from Bath to Biskra, and dissolve away into mellow reflections upon life, ripe and sympathetic comments upon places, men and things. It is just the sort of record that might be expected from one who was for fifty years a large contributor to the

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wisdom and brilliancy of the Sun (in its day, New York's most notable newspaper) and for many years its editor-in-chief.

Mr. Mitchell expressly disclaims any effort to write either a history of his time or a treatise on journalism; yet, naturally, no small light is thrown in both directions. What he gives is a sort of panorama of personal experiences in which events trifling and momentous, and people great and only amusing, are mingled with the contrasting abundancy of real life. For instance, he dwells on the boyish quarters he spent in P. T. Barnum's Museum at Broadway and Ann Street, and tells how the famous showman came out of the box-office to shake hands with him and tell him "not to miss the wax figure of fat Daniel Lambert in the left-hand case on the second floor," and later gave the telegram to him at the Sun office in 1904, in which Colonel Philippe Bunan-Varilla anounced the victory of Panama in the "battle of the routes" for the great interoceanic canal.

Then one day Madame Blavatsky, the famous spook priestess of the theosophic epoch, was talking to him: suddenly she reached up into the air as if to catch a mosquito; she disclosed as having been seized in flight a scrap of newspaper tissue paper—"flimsy" they call it at the copy desks—looked at it casually and threw it into a waste basket. "Pardon," she said, "it is a message from the master in the Gobi oasis" —and resumed the conversation. Over against this, let us set his first observation of Woodrow Wilson—"a gentleman faultlessly attired in business tweeds" who one day sat opposite him in a Hudson tube train. The face which caught his attention was "brightly youthful and yet mature, clean-cut as the countenance of one of the young bloods who wear smart collars or college men's toggery in the advertisements, rosy as a Pinturicchio angel and sparkling with animation and intelligence at its apogee."

There is a new picture of the far-famed war President; at the time he was still president of Princeton only. Mitchell saw him often afterwards—once at a Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, where he bore without a muscle quivering the moral torture of a comic song, sung at him by a counterfeit Bryan, with the refrain—"God bless you, Mr. President." He adds—"When it came to be the President's turn to reply, I was charmed by the grace of his bearing and the felicity of his utterance." He wondered, however, whether there was any definite thought in the speech—and kept on wondering for many more speeches "whether the phrases grew out of the ideas or the ideas out of the phrases."

An idea may be gained of the wide range of anecdotes from two examples. During a long stop in the course of Henry Villard's "golden spike" excursion to celebrate the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, our author walked far out on the prairie in West Dakota with Noah Brooks and General Boynton; they came on the bones of a long dead buffalo. Stooping, Mr. Mitchell picked up among the débris the flint arrow head that had killed the great animal, long before ever the crack of a rifle had been heard in that far-off region. Truly a romantic thing to recall; but he remembered with equal zest a comic picture in a newspaper that contributed to his lasting store of mirth—a tipsy man, standing at his wife's dressing table, mistakes her hairbrush for her hand-glass, and, looking at the bristly side, exclaims: "Gosh, I do need a shave!"

It goes without saying that there is much about Charles A. Dana and William M. Laffun, the two great proprietors who made the Sun admired and feared from the close of the Civil War to the death of the latter in 1909. The leading principle on which the paper was run, was that it was never necessary to "come down to the level" of any lower desire or instinct or craving, in order to gain popularity or circulation. On the contrary, it was held that if high food for their minds in politics and business as well as in letters and art was offered to the people, they would appreciate the gift and respond with general acceptance. It was certainly so in the palmy days of the Sun. Its matter was chosen by experts and written and prepared by able and educated men. Above all things, a high standard of English was maintained, not only in its editorials but in the news columns as well. And the newspaper prospered.

Much early hostility to the Sun under Dana was due to its merciless attacks upon the Grant administration, and the general corruption which prevailed at Washington. The "Savior of the Union" was sacrosanct to many enthusiasts of the post-war period, and to assail him and his party was equivalent to leaving the ranks of patriotism and respectability. Mr. Mitchell has two things to say about this, which the fullness of time confirms, and which today puts the matter as a phase of public and newspaper policy in its proper light. He completely clears Dana of the vulgar charge that anger, because he was not made Collector of the Port of New York, inspired his attacks. He shows that the conditions in Washington were a national calamity and a national disgrace. The Sun did a high public duty and an immense service in investigating and compelling an extensive reform by the power of publicity. It was his sense of journalistic obligation that prompted Mr. Dana's course, and in the long run the opinions of the city and the country at large saw the situation in this light. The disinterested public spirit of the Sun and its editor ultimately won full recognition —at least in so far as this episode was concerned.

The second point Mr. Mitchell establishes is that Dana never lost his high opinion or a certain regard for Grant. "In no instance do I recall a word from Mr. Dana's mouth . . . that implied any essential departure from the estimate he had formed at Vicksburg, and afterward, of that soldier's personal character—brave, honest, modest, lovable." And much more in the same tenor.

It is quite impossible to give an adequate idea of the fascination or of the intrinsic value of this book in the space of a review. There is not a wasted phrase or a dull word in it. Everyone reading it will feel he has formed a new and exquisite thought companionship.

JAMES LUBY.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Figures of the Passion of Our Lord, by Gabriel Miró. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. New York: A. A. Knopf. $3.50.

FROM the Spanish, whose literature has of all national letters realized the story of the Passion most intensely, Mr. C. J. Hogarth has made an English version of distinguished charm: so that the graphic pictures in the clear Castillian of Gabriel Miró lose little of their effect of life and holiness.

In the Figures of the Passion of Our Lord we read the Gospel story decked with a beautiful interlineation of detail, historical and picturesque; it is the soft accompaniment of a rare modulated organist, whose music seems part and soul of the prayer at the altar. The chapter entitled The Head of the Household, illustrates this phase of the book. There are also these interesting paragraphs on the Samaritans. "No brotherly feeling for Samaria had the land of Judea. Had not Samaria prostituted herself unto barbarous idols, and built herself a temple on Mount Gerizim, and instituted in it a ritual akin to the ritual of Jehovah, and sent into Antioch, saying—'Come consecrate my temple unto the Greek Zeus, seeing that my people are Sidonians and desire not to have aught to do with Israel, who is altogether strange unto them, both in race and in habitude?' Nor did the True Believer respect either the testaments, or the marriage bond, or the charity, or the hospitality, or the amenities, or the waters of the apostatized land. Only for gain of profit would he so much as admit the Samaritan within his boundaries. And even then he did so only under the regulations of a rigid and merciless tariff. Wherefore Samaria's resentment occasionally overflowed in forms of retaliation, and when Israel lighted beacon-fires upon his hills to proclaim the neomenia or entry of the Paschal season at the beginning of Nisan, Samaria similarly enflamed her heights, and by passing the word of fire from summit to summit induced certain devotees in Syria and Babylonia to believe that Jerusalem betimes had summoned them to the Festival of Unleavened Bread, so that eventually the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem had to exchange its signals of fire for proclamations by word of mouth. Similarly a Passover attended by particularly vast numbers, because the past year had been a year of plenty, was marred by men of Samaria penetrating into the Temple of God, defiling its courts with filth and carrion, impeding the celebration of the holy rites and turning rejoicing into woe."

A Vanished Arcadia, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: The Dial Press. $3.00.

FOR any fair-minded man, whatever his religious beliefs, who happens to keep his heart clean of traditional bias and his mind ready to act as honestly as he pretends he can, the story of A Vanished Arcadia, as repeated by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, reveals one of the crowning crimes as base as anything ever perpetrated by the greed and crime of the human race. Mr. Graham is not a special defender of the Jesuits, their systems or their practices, but in this new edition of his best book, he presents a series of extraordinary pictures, heroic, tropical, tragic and desolating to any soul with a trace of idealism. The vast conquests of the Jesuits, their incredible performances in the ways of civilizing and organizing the Indian populations, their marvelous virtues, which even amid the vilest of accusations were never questioned, the poverty and meekness with which they finally accepted exile, constitute one of the noblest episodes in history of ancient or modern times.

T. W.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"The morning paper, sir," said Tittivillus, dutifully holding out the sheet to Dr. Angelicus, who had just come in, looking a trifle tired.

"Avaunt, boy! I never want to see a newspaper again," cried the Doctor, testily pushing past him.

"Why?" anxiously asked Primus Criticus, who was busy at a table polishing off his latest review. "I hope all the reading public does not feel that way."

"If they are subject to nightmares, they do," said the Doctor crossly, dropping into an easy chair. "Last night I got no rest in my sleep, and awoke this morning weary and haggard from my dreams."

"But why blame the newspapers?"

"Harken, my friend. As you know, I am not, at best, too interested in the daily press. However, the Editor suggested to me not long ago that I really should make a conscientious attempt to keep abreast with the news by reading at least one paper a day. Feeling there was some slight justice in his criticism of me, I put all the morning papers aside for one week —waiting for a serene and patient mood in which to absorb what was in them.

"Last evening after a very pleasant dinner, and alone in my library, I decided the hour had come. Virtuously intending to give them my closest attention, I attacked the pile of newspapers on my desk. But somehow there were so many of them that it seemed a night's task to get through them all. I then fell merely to reading the headlines, which I am told is all that many of our best-informed people do. I must admit it was with something of a confused mind that I at length sought my couch."

"And dreams ensued? Why blame the newspapers? Perhaps it was that pleasant dinner," said Primus Criticus.

"Dreams?" growled Dr. Angelicus. "Nothing so pleasant. Nightmares—actual, vivid, terrible nightmares."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"I seemed," continued the Doctor, with a frightened look in his eyes, "to be tied hand and foot on the floor. Above me stretched a giant newspaper, and little devils ran about me prodding me with pitchforks and telling me to scream the headlines aloud. There were big headlines with explanatory 'subheads' underneath them. And with every prod of a pitchfork, I cried one set aloud. But as fast as I read them, they would disappear from the page, and new ones take their place, so that I knew somehow that I would never finish reading that paper and that the devils would never cease prodding me."

"It is alleged that dreams forecast the future," said Primus Criticus reflectively.

The Doctor started nervously, and wiped his brow with his handkerchief.

"But tell me what some of the headlines were," continued Primus Criticus kindly.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"As I remember them, they read something like this," replied Angelicus—

"PATTERSON ELECTS DELEGATE FOR TRIP
Zoo's New Baby Hippo Doing Nicely

DIVORCE CASES INCREASING
A Cross-Word Puzzle a Day

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The Calvert Associates' Third Annual Celebration of the Founding of Maryland

It is the purpose of The Calvert Associates to draw public attention to the principles of religious liberty established by George Calvert, by musical, dramatic, or literary exercises appropriate to the objects of this organization. This year being the fourth centennial of the birth of Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, the real founder of the polyphonic school,

The Palestrina Choir

of ninety mixed voices

will give a programme illustrating the development of choral music from the earliest period to the present day.

NICOLA A. MONTANI, *Conductor*
MELCHIORRE MAURO-COTTONE, *Organ Soloist*

at

TOWN HALL

Sunday, April 19, at 3.30 p.m.

Tickets will be on sale Tuesday, March 24, at the offices of THE COMMONWEAL, Suite 1950, Grand Central Terminal.

SCALE OF PRICES

Orchestra	$ 2.50
Balcony, First five rows	2.00
Balcony, Balance	1.50
Loges (6 chairs)	25.00

No Tax

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Grand Central Terminal
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HYLAN RETURNS TO NEW YORK
Earthquake Shakes City for Four Minutes

THROWS BABY IN RIVER
He Was a Great Pitcher, Says Father

WEDS FOR THIRD TIME
Finds City Full of Perils

SENATORS LEAVE WASHINGTON
Odd Plants Arrive at Flower Show

$1,000 COVER CHARGE FOR DINNER
Millionaire Stops Eating Pie

TEN BREWERIES PADLOCKED
Navy Needs Teapot

PROFANITY LEADS TO EARLY DEATH
Brothers in Sport to Bury Golfer

SMUGGLING OF RUM ON THE INCREASE
Seven Firemen Sleep During Blaze

NOTED AUTHOR BREAKS TROTH
Drops Girl Three Stories

NEW SUBWAY PROJECT OFFERED
Mad Terrier Bites Ten

TRAMP REFORMS AND TAKES JOB
Scalded in Hotel Bath

COUNTESS DECLARES HER LOVE
Opera Tenor Falls 30 Feet From Stage

SELF-STYLED PRINCE DISAPPEARS
New Aoudad Comes to Zoo

SALOME SUNG TO CROWDED HOUSE
Noted Artist's Head Rejected

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS BEGIN
Girl Student Longs for Jail

MAIDENS OF TODAY FEARLESS
Girl to Wed Ex-Convict

URGE REST FOR FIGHTING ASSEMBLYMAN
Giza Tomb Reveals Rare Beauty

NOTED HORSE WINS HANDICAP
Gives Beauty Secrets on One Hundredth Birthday

POLICEMAN VIEWS FUTURIST PICTURES
Bites Explosive and Dies."

* * *

"No more," cried Primus Criticus. "I see that you really read the newspapers."

"To what end?" asked Angelicus sadly, as he picked up a copy of Saint Nicholas from the magazine table.

THE LIBRARIAN.

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